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From Publisher—To You

WE sometimes wish a method could be devised whereby each reader of The Outlook could sit for one day in our chair and come in contact with every side of this journal. We are moved to this weak hope because of the amazing variety of opinions expressed in the letters we receive—the last of which is an accusation that we have sold out to the "interests" (which ones not specified), and are reprehensibly seeking for popularity by adding new writers to our list, and reporting the latest developments in music and finance and in the theatrical and literary worlds.

OF course, we had supposed that we were doing all these things in the interests of our readers and out of our natural desire to send them as excellent, as interesting, and as varied a report of the world about us all as was within our power. . . .

AND yet we confess that it makes us exceedingly nervous about introducing the latest acquisition to our regular contributors. This is Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the explorer, who will contribute every month on various subjects, beginning in the next issue. Mr. Stefansson is known all over the world, of course, as an intrepid explorer of the Arctic, but as those of us realize who know him, or have read his little volume "The Standardization of Error," he is an explorer of the human mind as well, and a possessor of an honest intellect. He is going to give us a paper next week on the Nobile Expedition, but it will serve merely as an introduction to a regular monthly page from him on many varied subjects, not at all connected with the frozen North. In time, then, will he become another example of our indirect approach?

AH, well. We are reminded of a wise saying uttered by an old gentleman of our acquaintance, long since dead, "Honesty is the best policy," said he, "but the man who is honest from policy is a scoundrel."

We trust our suspicious subscriber will realize in time that his fears are groundless.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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THE FOUR RIDERS OF THE APOCALYPSE

A woodcut by Albrecht Dürer (1471–1528)

It has been said that Dürer carried the technique of wood engraving to a point unparalleled in its previous history, and that in his Apocalypse series he reached the height of his genius in this form of artistic expression. Though the four hundredth anniversary of his death is being observed this year, he still stands out as a great central figure in the art of his period and an inspiration to the art of the northern countries ever since

The Outlook

June 6, 1928

The World This Week

The President Sustained—Barely

REVERSING the custom of this Congress, the Senate last week sustained the President's veto of the McNary-Haugen Agricultural Relief Bill. But those who voted to override the veto lacked but a bare four of being two-thirds of the Senators present. Of the Senators of the President's own political faith, twenty voted to override him and but nineteen to sustain him. Several found it convenient to be elsewhere. It may be that they did not seek to put a foot in each camp, but merely not to put their feet in it at all.

In any case, farm relief is out of Congress and in the Presidential campaign. It is charged that its advocates meant all the time to put it into politics rather than into practice. Its opponents sought, presumably, to keep it out of both. In that respect the advocates of McNary-Haugenism succeeded and its opponents failed.

The President's veto Message must be classed with the three or four most forceful of his papers. It brought to bear upon the various problems involved the trained thought of the economist and the whip-lash of the provocative writer. It convinced all those who opposed the bill and angered all those who favored it, whether from conviction or sympathy. Congress has enacted endless nonsense into law, but never before, so far as the old file hounds can discover, has it been told by a President that it enacted nonsense.

"5 and 10" Grocery

COUNTRY folks will smile, city folks will find nothing unusual about the arrival in New York of the "5 and 10" grocery. Hereafter the city dweller, in Manhat-

tan, at least, whose combined kitchen and pantry is a converted clothes closet, can buy tea in two-ounce containers, a quarter-pound package of coffee, and bacon in six-strip lots. There are no clerks; the customers help themselves to any number of the four hundred items in stock, and the proprietor collects at the door. A chain is planned and, city life being what it is, the success of the idea seems inevitable.

A Soldier of Science

BORN in Japan, but of world-wide repute through his eminence as bacteriologist and medical-research scientist, Hideyo Noguchi died of yellow fever at Accra, on the African West Coast, on May 21. He was a soldier of science who risked his life daily.

The form of yellow fever prevalent on the West Coast seems to be spread in a different way from that now nearly extinct but still occasionally found in South and Central America. There the propagator is undoubtedly the stegomyia type of mosquito. It was to trace the cause and mode of conveyance of the West Coast yellow fever that Dr. Noguchi carried on the experiments which led to his death. He believed that he had succeeded in identifying the carrier of the disease. Like Dr. Adrian Stokes, Noguchi's colleague, whose death from the same cause we noted recently, Dr. Noguchi insisted that his own illness should be used for laboratory purposes—he fought for science to his last living minute.

Dr. Noguchi has been ranked with Pasteur as a research man whose work has alleviated human suffering and saved innumerable lives. His investigations and discoveries in the fields of infantile

paralysis, trachoma, paresis, and rabies have been invaluable in the medical advance.

Recognition of the importance of the work of this tireless, devoted researcher (he was called "a human dynamo") came to him from many national governments and countless scientific associations. He was one of the world's greatest men, for his contributions to our knowledge may well result in saving more lives than some wars have destroyed.

One Way to Save Lives

ROCK-DUSTING might have prevented the Mather mine disaster in which so many lives were sacrificed. Many mining companies have adopted this peculiar method of safeguarding a mine. Indeed, the Mather mine was partly rock-dusted, but the explosion occurred in the part not so treated. In the recently developed practice of rock-dusting stone ground to flour like powder is spread or dusted over the exposed walls of mine passageways by means of an air blower mounted on a mine car. The rock dust acts in a peculiar way when thus mixed with the coal dust that accumulates on all the exposed surfaces of the mine and often explodes like the flour dust in a grain elevator. It lowers the temperature of the so-called "flame of propagation" below the ignition temperature of the coal dust. As a result, when there is an accidental spark or flame no explosion takes place. The entire interior of a mine need not be rock-dusted and barriers consisting of treated sections will usually confine an explosion to a small part of the mine.

This modern method is used to quite an extent in Europe, where the mines are under rather more strict governmental



Wide World

TO KEEP PEACE IN CHINA

Japanese soldiers entrain for Tsinan, to protect her interests in that province

supervision than here. While the cost is not high, the economics of coal mining in this country, where we have so many mines that fluctuate above and below the paying line, still prevent its universal use. Moreover, the method is not old and has not yet had time for full exploitation in this country. In the meantime more lives will doubtless be sacrificed to preventable explosions. Too many mines, too many miners, too little profit to permit such luxuries as life saving.

A Show-Down in China

SINCE Japan issued her warning to the Chinese armies that the civil war of the Nanking Nationalists and the Peking militarists might not be carried over into Manchuria the Peking faction has decided to stand its ground in the northern capital.

Chang Tso-lin, the militarist Generalissimo, might have decided to fall back on his old Manchurian stronghold in Mukden, in the hope of recovering strength and returning to the fray another year—as he has done before. But this time it would have meant the disarming of his troops and a final and fatal “loss of face.” So the effect of the Japanese policy has been to force a decisive test of strength between South and North.

The first consequence in turn has been a stiffening of the northern lines around Peking against the advancing Nationalists, and at some points a turning back

of the Nationalist attack. But it is still anybody's fight—and anybody can draw his own conclusions from the reports from the war zone.

Princes of India

THERE is in India a Chamber of Princes. It is said that, nominally at least, its membership includes 7,000 maharajahs, rajahs, princes, nawabs, and lesser potentates. There are something like seven hundred native states in India, most of them numerically quite small, but aggregating well over 300,000,000 inhabitants. One, Hyderabad, has about 15,000,000 people.

A committee of these native princes is now gathering in London to discuss with the British Government—or Raj, as they call it—the relations and future of these dependencies, in which the native princes have domestic rule even to the power of death, although each is under the eye of a British Resident.

The Nizam of Hyderabad will not be able to come; a correspondent explains that he is “wearied of state functions, and that he spends his leisure hours in his jewel room dipping his arms up to the elbows into chests filled with diamonds, emeralds, and pearls gathered for centuries by his forebears and playing with these baubles as a child in the Bronx might play with marbles.” But the Gaekwar of Baroda, known to fame chiefly as the owner of a \$10,000,000 carpet interwoven with emeralds, rubies,

sapphires, and diamonds, hopes to be there.

This conference of princes is one part of the inquiry England is making about the ever-present question of the future of India and its increasing desire for some larger share of self-government. Naturally, the native rulers are not radicals; they are distinctly disturbed by any tendency that would clip their own powers. They are loyal to the crown and do not wish to interfere in Imperial or international affairs, but they love being petty autocrats with the externals of majesty. The London gathering follows an extensive survey of the native states by a British Indian States Committee under Sir Harcourt Butler, who reports that he was impressed by the progress made, but wishes for a curtailment of extravagant personal royal expenditure, better administration, and an independent judiciary. Probably the picture Kipling gave us of native state rule in his “Naulahka” remains true today.

“More than a Church”

THE Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church is Worcester's newest and largest church. It serves noon lunches, noon organ recitals, gives plays, has a spooning parlor, and conducts various other activities under the direction of secretaries. Its proud pastor and leading spirit, the Rev. Dr. William S. Mitchell, calls it “more than a church, a Worcester institution.”

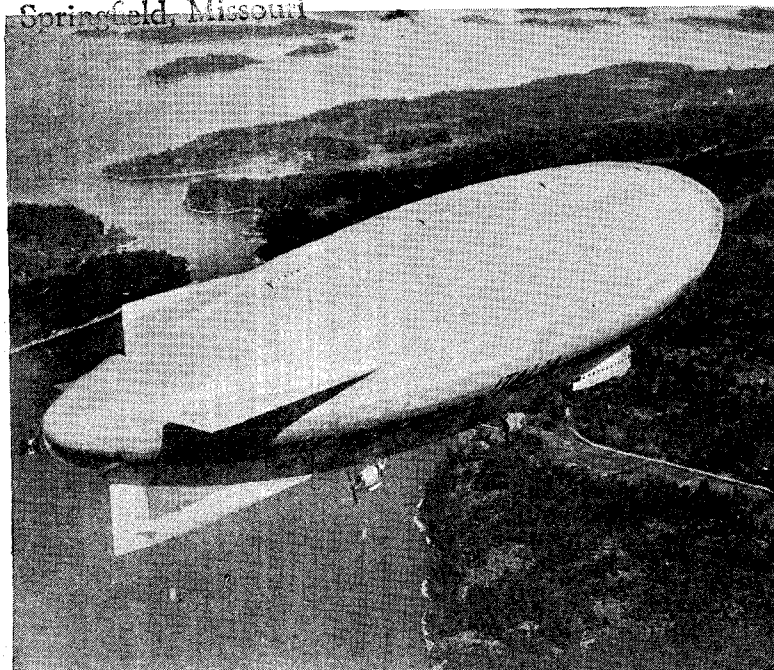
On a recent Sunday Dr. Mitchell's sermon was an attack on Governor Smith, not so much on religious as on “wet” grounds. After the sermon one of his flock, Burton H. Alden, decided that the slogan of Wesley Methodist Episcopal might better be “more than a church, a Worcester political club.”

So he began to circulate a petition asking that the Board of Assessors remove the church from the exempt list and tax it as a political organization.

“I am a Republican and a Protestant,” said Mr. Alden, who is also prominent in Masonry, “but, in spite of the many charges against the Catholic Church for dabbling in politics, it taxes my memory to recall a single incident of a Catholic priest ever delivering any such address from his sacred pulpit as that given by Dr. Mitchell. If Wesley Church or any other church is to make politics a major activity, then it becomes, in my opinion, a political club and is open to taxation.

“My object in circulating this petition is to put a stop, if possible, to political agitation in the churches, which I

Springfield, Missouri



Underwood & Underwood

BOUND FOR THE TOP OF THE WORLD

The Italia, General Nobile's dirigible, photographed flying over Stockholm, Sweden

consider unwarranted. It is not only out of place, but will prove the ruination of the country if continued at the present rate. Church and State should be separate."

Although Mr. Alden's action was described as a "gesture," he had 300 names on his petition at last report.

Less Noise

THERE will be a heavy mortality among radio stations this summer, and, like certain persons discussed in song by the late W. S. Gilbert, "they never will be missed."

The Federal Radio Commission makes itself responsible for this not too doleful prophecy by announcing that there are 162 broadcasting stations whose licenses expire June 1, and that after examination it has "not been satisfied that public interest, convenience, or necessity will be served" by granting applications for renewal. All these licenses have been granted a temporary extension which will terminate, unless the Commission changes its mind, on August 1.

Of these 162 stations 26 are in New York and New Jersey, and the States of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Wisconsin, and the Dakotas contain 91 of the stations listed for probable slaughter.

The Mystery of the Italia

STRENUOUS effort was under way on May 28 to discover the whereabouts and condition of Nobile's great dirigible, the Italia, and to succor the commander and his crew. This was four days after wireless messages from the Italia announced that the expedition had made the flight from King's Bay, in Spitzbergen, to "the top of the world," had dropped the great oaken cross blessed by the Pope, had abandoned the impracticable idea of landing an observation party at the Pole and taking them on board again, and three days after a brief message saying that the Italia was slowly on its way back to King's Bay.

From May 25 to May 27 no news came from the Italia. Then broken calls in different languages were heard by distant radio stations. Whether they came direct from Nobile or were picked up and repeated, is not, as we write, certain. Singularly, none of the despatches told just where or approximately where the Italia was, but all versions called for help in disaster.

Two possibilities are discussed: one that Nobile has landed, perhaps on the ice north of Spitzbergen; the other, that the Italia, its fuel gone, is sailing before

the wind and that it may be blown in time to some land comparatively safe. That the fuel is spent is all but certain; that the party have food for subsistence is a favorable feature.

Under these circumstances, rescue is an extremely difficult problem. It is a bad season for ships to brave the northern ice, but that plan will be tried. Airmen have offered their services for scouting by plane—among them Amundsen, the only man who has flown over both the North Pole and the South Pole; a bitter controversy had waged between Nobile and Amundsen over the previous flight by dirigible over the North Pole in which both, together with Ellsworth, were leaders.

The mystery may be solved before this is read; on the other hand, it may forever remain unsolved like the fate of Andree's balloon and the loss at sea or over ice and wilderness of Nungesser and Coli and other intrepid voyagers.

Note for Writers

THE police of Chicago found a man they had been looking for the other day. He was Willie Jackson, and the police wanted to ask him some questions about a \$133,000 mail robbery. But the man they found did not at all resemble the picture that had been put on handbills and distributed across the country. Willie had had dealings with the beauty doctors. His hair, once sleek and black, was marcelled and hennaed; hennaed, too, was the heavy mustache he had

grown. He had reduced his weight by thirty-five pounds; and, finally, an operation had radically altered the shape of his nose. Only his finger-prints were unchanged.

Willie was unable to answer the questions the police had ready for him. He was dead. Men who knew him better than the authorities had penetrated his disguise; but his ingenious application of plastic surgery to the purposes of the criminal is hereby referred to all hard-pressed writers of crime and mystery stories.

Through the Microscope

WHILE Dr. Abraham Flexner is parting company with the Rockefeller Foundation, Dr. Max Mason, retiring President of the University of Chicago, is looking eagerly to the day when he will take up his duties as director of its scientific work.

"Just three hundred years of scientific work in a world so old," he told a Chicago interviewer. "I feel that one of the greatest things dawning is an immense simplification in the description of the way matter acts on matter. This goes into electrical laws, by which our conception of the universe and man will be so simplified that we can get the baggage of the past out of our minds. Ignorance and superstition must go.

"The microscope has become the instrument of idealism and humanitarianism. We are discovering new knowledge on which the religion and the philosophy

of the future will be based. This is no mere mechanistic universe, and to understand it does not destroy the values of life."

Dr. Flexner announces that he has resigned as head of the General Education Board so that he may be free to write about education. The nature of some of the things he wants to say may be indicated by his recent remark in England that American universities were trying to turn out "seductive advertisers and plausible bond salesmen rather than scholars."

Crime in High Office

A WAIT of four hours while the second jury to hear her case deliberated, and then Mrs. Florence Knapp, former Secretary of State of New York, heard the verdict that she had been guilty of grand larceny.

Mrs. Knapp, as Secretary of State, the first New York woman to be elected to so high an office, was charged with and convicted of padding census pay-rolls with the names of her relatives and criminally converting their pay to her own use. Her sentence has not yet been pronounced, but Justice Callaghan, who presided at the trial, has set the date for his decision on September 4.

If such a conviction had occurred a dozen years ago, anti-feminists would have made much of it as proof that women were not competent to fill high office. There has been no tendency, however, to make such capital of this tragic conclusion to Mrs. Knapp's political career. The public accepts the verdict as it should—as a verdict against an individual office-holder. Mrs. Knapp was caught in a very transparent, stupid fraud. The fact has no bearing upon the future usefulness of women to fill the office which she disgraced.

Roosevelt and Smith

ON May 19 Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., announced that he was hurrying to West Virginia to speak in behalf of Herbert Hoover in the primary contest. On May 23 he issued another blast against Governor Alfred E. Smith. And the morning papers of May 24 revealed that the Colonel had been making inquiries among New York political leaders as to his availability for the Vice-Presidential nomination.

Mr. Roosevelt has been silent since he startled some of the members of his party by asserting that "the red-light district" had "crawled to the very door of the State Capitol" and that Al Smith could not dodge his connection

with vice. At that time, a good many members of the New York State Republican organization hastened, at least privately, to repudiate the violence of this address. But it was, nevertheless, officially printed and officially circulated. And the Colonel was permitted to make a number of speeches in the Middle West.

His most recent assertions are merely a repetition of the charges he made last fall. But whether or not the fact that he is making them is evidence that he will again figure in a National campaign is still in question.

Coal Mines Closing

THE Consolidated Coal Company, known as a Rockefeller concern because John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is the largest holder of preferred stock, has announced that it proposes to shut down ten of its least efficient soft-coal mines. In general the decision has been greeted with enthusiastic approval in the newspapers, and not without reason.

One investigating board after another has glibly diagnosed the ills of the bituminous industry. There are too many mines, some of them with such low-grade coal that profitable operation is virtually impossible. There are too many miners, with the result that most of them are able to obtain work for only a few days each week. Nominally high wages become less than enough for the necessities of life when miners are fortunate to obtain 150 days of work annually. Cutting prices, to sell the coal, and cutting wages, to make a profit on the sales, cannot remedy the situation.

The action of the Consolidated will throw about 2,500 men, or eighty per cent of the total number of employees, out of work. But only those without dependents are to be discharged. It is anticipated that the ones who remain will be able to work on almost full time. Officials of the company say that this is the "first constructive step," and that other mining concerns will follow their lead.

Just what does this mean? Does it mean that the production of soft coal is to be curtailed to a point where prices will rise materially? The Consolidated frankly appeals for lowered production, and whether the idea is really in the public interest or not will depend upon the extent to which this is done. It is quite possible that the enthusiastic approval of the press is premature. The Consolidated has not been paying union wages for some time, and its professed devotion to the welfare of the miners

may, perhaps, be taken with a grain of salt.

Another Job for Lindy

THE magic name of Colonel Lindbergh has now been added to the roster of men affiliated with the Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc., which expects to operate a combined air and railroad passenger service between New York and Los Angeles. Since Lindbergh has, thus far, been successful in everything he has attempted, the public will assume, no doubt, that the T. A. T. is now an assured achievement.

Lindbergh is to serve as Chairman of the Technical Committee, and in that capacity will inspect landing-fields, ships, engines, and other essentials of operation. Although he will continue his connection with the Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, he will, for the present at least, give nearly all of his time to the transcontinental air line. The famous "Casey" Jones, a veteran Curtiss pilot, is also to serve on the Technical Committee, and his presence will impress those familiar with commercial aviation about as much as that of Lindbergh.

Bunion Derby

FIFTY-FIVE men plodded around and around the small track in Madison Square Garden. Three thousand looked on, apathetic in the main; even when Mr. "Wildfire" Thompson, one of the contestants, ran backwards. In the center of the Garden was parked a collection of cars and trucks, covered with scars and the dust of a continent. It was the closing scene of the "Bunion Derby" eighty-four days out of Los Angeles.

When it was all over, Andrew Payne, young Oklahoma Indian, was the winner of \$25,000 if Mr. C. C. Pyle is solvent and a man of his word. Johnny Salo, of Passaic, New Jersey, was second, \$10,000. Philip Granville, towering Negro from Canada, \$5,000. Mike Joyce, Cleveland bartender-out-of-work, \$2,500.

Six who won \$1,000 each were Guisto Omeke, Trieste, Italy; William Kerr, Minneapolis; Louis Perella, Albany; Ed Gardiner, Seattle; Fran von Flue, Kernmac, California; and John Cronick, Saskatoon, Canada. Forty-five ran for glory or what have you?

The promoter, "Cold Cash" or "Corn and Callous" Pyle, insisted vehemently that his winning bunioneers would get each and every dollar he had promised them. Delivery was postponed a week,

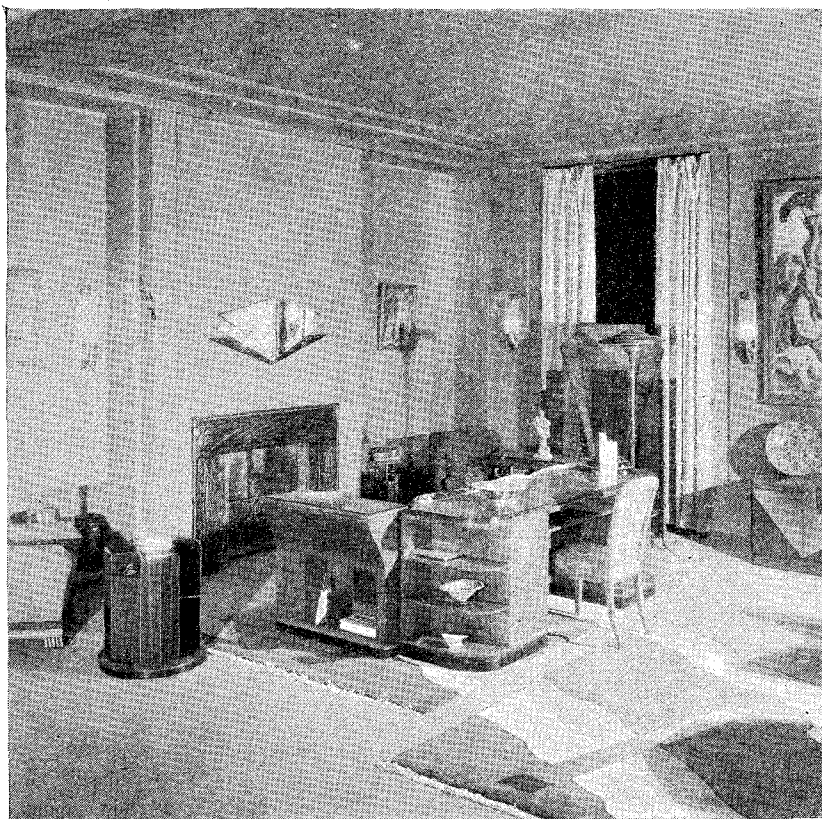


Photo Worsinger

IN THE MODERN STYLE

A living-room, the work of American designers, shown in the international exhibition of art in industry now being held at R. H. Macy's in New York

however, pending a special twenty-four-hour relay race in the Garden.

The High Cost of Illness

It will be interesting to watch the reaction of some members of the medical profession to the work of the newly formed Committee on the High Cost of Medical Care. Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, President of Stanford University and chairman of the Committee, has revealed that its purpose is to reduce the burden of the average American family in obtaining adequate treatment during time of illness.

The present cost of illness in the United States, Dr. Wilbur reports, is probably \$3,000,000,000 a year. There are frequent complaints, in many cases justified, that the fees charged by doctors are impossibly high. On the other hand, physicians as a whole are not earning adequate incomes. Dr. Wilbur concludes that "the system" is wrong, and his Committee will spend five years attempting to find a remedy.

It is already known, of course, that the burden of illness falls most heavily on the man with a moderate income. The poor can have free treatment at a clinic. The wealthy can pay the bills of any fancy specialist. But the man who earns from \$4,000 to \$10,000 has an

appalling task when hospital, nursing, and doctors' bills pile on him at one time. The medical profession has not been, it must be admitted, unanimously helpful in solving this acute problem. It is only recently, for instance, that the storm of criticism regarding the Cornell Clinic in New York, where first-rate treatment at moderate cost could be obtained, has died down. Many doctors said that the clinic was taking bread out of the mouths of honest physicians.

And is the Committee on the High Cost of Medical Care planning to investigate fee-splitting between surgeons and general practitioners?

France Is Full of Tourists

THE Frenchman, says a correspondent of the New York "Herald Tribune," has learned that travel is not necessary to his education; he can see the world from a comfortable and inexpensive seat in front of his favorite café. This discovery has led to a tabulation of characteristics by which various nationals may be recognized. For instance:

"The Englishman is the man of all the world who travels most, and worst. Nobody stays longer in the same place than the English tourist. He has money and unlimited vacation. He counts always on the guide, and the guide in certain

countries is an idiot, a drunkard, a thief—or absent. Every Britisher has three traveling bags—one he has just bought and two others, one forgotten at Gibraltar and the third left by mistake at Colombo."

The American is one "whose tours most closely resemble the course of an agitated flea. He visits everything and sees nothing. Berlin was the place where it rained that morning. Rome, the place where he was forced to take a taxi between stations; Madrid, the city he reached just in time to go to bed; and Paris was the last stop before the boat train. Any American who doesn't wear yellow shoes, takes a long time to choose his dinner and still longer to select his wine, and reads anything except a railway schedule is certain to be called English."

A Frenchman, of course, is easily identified as the man who makes his glass of syrup and water last longer than an old-time sermon.

Texas Strategy

THE recent Democratic Convention in Texas revealed some of the subtleties of Southern politicians who wish to keep step with events in the Nation without losing their influence with the home folks.

On the surface the Convention reached a seemingly normal compromise. Its largest faction, led by Governor Moody, turned down the recommendations of the minority group of extreme dries and Ku Klux relicts, pledging the Houston delegation never to accept a Smith nomination. Then, turning the steam-roller on the unexpectedly strong pro-Smith minority, the harmony element named only dries of unblemished record as delegates to Houston, and instructed them to oppose the nomination of a wet candidate—meaning Smith. At the same time it was agreed that the National Convention's choice should be accepted as final.

Thus by throwing their patronage first to one extreme and then the other, the harmony faction prevented the line being too sharply drawn between the Smith supporters and their last-ditch opponents.

Next, it put Texas Democracy down as definitely and aggressively dry. This is supremely important in Texas political psychology, because it deprives dry voters of an excuse to desert their party next November, on the plea that the State leaders have misled or trifled with them on prohibition.

As a result, the harmony leadership,

with the aid of the pro-Smith faction, has done all in its power to make bolt propaganda discreditable.

Both in their speeches and in their slights to bolt talkers the harmony delegates succeeded in stigmatizing a bolt as the natural crime of Ku Kluxers, sore-heads, and primary-pledge breakers. To accomplish this many pro-Smith leaders in the harmony faction had to sacrifice all hope of delivering the Texas delegation to Governor Smith. But the National Smith organization will bear no grudges, since the Convention went on record as dry, but did not utterly repudiate Governor Smith.

It seems possible that Texas has set the fashion of Southern Democratic political strategy for 1928. Furthermore, the legend that Southern party leaders are lying down on the job because of antipathy to Smith is considerably discredited. Men of such varying shades of opinion would hardly have worked so hard to bring about these subtle alignments if their zeal for party triumph was not healthy as usual.

"Disheartening"

WHAT with prohibition and careful and cautious political leaders, President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, is not a happy man these days. Nor, it is possible, has he added to the happiness of Republican campaign managers, with the exception of Governor Lowden's chief of staff.

Mr. Butler is sixty-six years old, and he has just expressed the opinion that "we are approaching the most disheartening pre-convention campaign within my memory. Despite the economic and political situation of the world and our relation to it all, and despite our pressing and insistent domestic problems, there has been almost no discussion, indeed no reference, to any of them.

"No candidate for the Republican nomination, with the exception of Governor Lowden, has ventured any statement whatever as to his position in regard to any one of these vast problems so important to the prosperity, to the honor, and to the influence of the American people. Instead we have had an exhibition, through the press and the mails, of an application to politics of the most obnoxious development of modern business—to wit, salesmanship.

"Friends of some of the candidates seem satisfied to put the Presidential nomination on the same plane as a patent medicine or a suburban real estate development. With this the infantile amusement of straw-balloting has gone

on side by side. It is almost unbelievable that at such a time such a condition could be found to exist in the Republican Party."

Then, having pointed out that New York's big delegation is largely uncommitted, Mr. Butler said some things that must have caused Governor Lowden's supporters to cock their ears.

"What Governor Lowden has said so emphatically as to the necessity, from the view-point of party success as well as from that of party principle, of preserving the balance between a prosperous agriculture and a prosperous industry, meets the strongest approval of myself and a host of our fellow-Republicans in this part of the country. To suppose that we can win the election without the hearty support of the agricultural vote of the strongly Republican States of the



Brown in the New York Herald Tribune
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That turn-about act always makes a hit

West and Northwest is an illusion of the first magnitude.

"We [the New York delegates] wish to confer with our fellow-representative Republicans . . . and to agree upon a candidate who has Republicanism in his heart as well as in his head, who has intellectual and temperamental competence for the office of President, and who can be elected.

"Such a man must not lose the support of the agricultural West by lack of knowledge or sympathy with the world-wide farm problem, and he must not lose the votes of the Republican States of the Atlantic seaboard by reason of his unwillingness to approach with open mind the solution of the problem of the Nation-wide liquor traffic and lawlessness which the futile attempts at Na-

tional prohibition have brought into being."

Mr. Butler brought his remarks to a close with the pious hope that 1928 would repeat the story of 1888; in which year, old citizens tell us, Benjamin Harrison was elected President on a platform that old-line Republicans seem to regard as the last word in party orthodoxy.

Romantic Engineering

CABLE despatches from Egypt tell of a plan now before the Egyptian Government to connect an immense area of the Libyan Desert which lies below sea-level with the Mediterranean by means of a canal, and thus to permit the generation of about 300,000 horse-power from the water that would enter the desert from the sea—enough power, when transmitted over wires to the Nile delta, to irrigate its whole fertile area by means of motor-driven pumps.

This almost romantic engineering project was outlined last year in London before the Royal Geographical Society by Dr. John Ball, Director of the Egyptian Desert Surveys, who is one of the few who have actually traversed the inaccessible areas involved in the plan. A hundred and forty miles west of Cairo there is an immense area below sea-level called the Qattara Depression. It is about the size of Massachusetts. The plan is simple: to build an 80-mile conduit from the Mediterranean to the Qattara Depression, at the southern end of which hydraulic turbines would be installed and let the water run into the Depression, giving up its energy as it passed.

At this point the alert reader inquires, "But what happens after the Depression is filled?" Thanks to the sun, it would never be filled. Allowing one-eighth-inch daily evaporation over the whole Depression, about one billion cubic feet of water would disappear daily, and with a 160-foot difference in level, over 270,000 horse-power could be generated continuously. What this method would be is simply the reverse of the usual cycle of power. In the latter the sun evaporates water, it falls as rain, runs off in streams, and delivers up its power. Here we would have run-off first, then evaporation. Incidental advantages of the plan would be navigation from the sea to the Depression (by locks); increased humidity, hence increased rainfall along the present deserts; and valuable fisheries in the Depression. To get a full appreciation of the immense capacity of the Depression note that the entire Nile flood, if turned into it, would require twenty years to fill it.

From Washington

Vetoed Vetoed

It has been a week of vetoes and vetoing of vetoes. Congress had other reasons than resentment for proceeding forthwith to override the President in practically all instances, but resentment played its part.

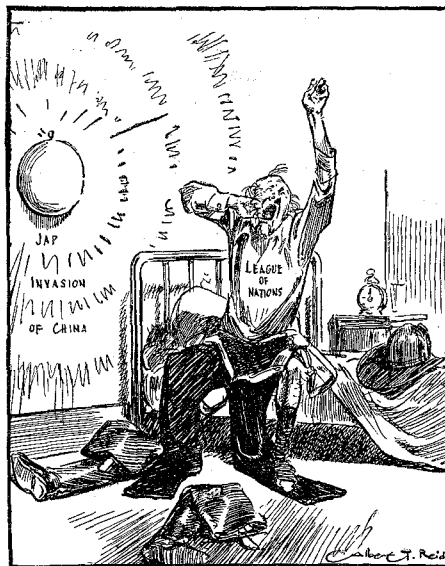
The Tyson Bill to extend retirement rights to emergency officers of the World War; the Oddie Bill for a ten-million-dollar road-building program on Western public lands; the bill granting increased pay to night workers of the Post Office Department, and the one making rental, fuel, and light allowances to fourth-class postmasters—these became laws over Executive disapproval. The largest vote for sustaining the President (22) came on the Oddie Bill; the smallest (9) on the Night Postal Workers Bill.

The President had vetoed these bills, as he did the McNary-Haugen Bill, because he believed that they were either inherently or economically unsound, or both. One bill had the approval of the American Legion, another of the army of postal workers. Congress, by its action on the vetoes, raises an interesting question. Does it regard the veteran and the rural mail carrier as more potent in politics than the farmer? It may be absolved from thus slurring the Regular Army man, for it sustained the veto of the Steck Bill to create the official position of bandmaster in the Army. But then Army officers did not want bandmasters in the officer's mess, anyhow.

The Substance of Subsidy

MIXED in with all of these things was the Jones-White Shipping Bill, which the President signed on the same day that he vetoed the McNary-Haugen Bill. Some of those who supported the McNary-Haugen Bill supported also the Jones-White Bill, but most did not. The bills were similar in that each provided special Governmental aid for a special class. But they were supported, mainly, by different schools of economic thought in Congress. The extreme McNary-Haugenites were rendered the bitterer by the approval of the other bill.

The Jones-White Bill extends a number of substantial benefits to private shipping. A revolving fund of \$250,000,000 is set up from which loans are to be made for construction of privately owned vessels. Special compensation is provided for carrying the mails, certain ameliorations of salary and wage burdens are brought about by means of



Reid in the Hutchinson (Kansas) News

The trouble with volunteer fire departments

placing merchant crews on the Naval Reserve list, and Government insurance is provided for all vessels on which loans are made. In short, the law is regarded as one which will go a long way toward building up American shipping by forms of Government aid which avoid the semblance of the ship subsidy to which American public opinion has usually been opposed.

A Filibuster Fails

WITH but a week or so of the session remaining, the time had come when the Senate no longer could refrain from a filibuster. Almost any Senator might have started it on almost any measure, but Senator McKellar, of Tennessee, actually did start it on the conference report on the Muscle Shoals Bill. His objection was not to the bill as a whole,



Berryman in the Washington Star

Ruth and Naomi up to date

but merely to that feature of it which provides for a subsidiary plant at Cove Creek on the Clinch River, more than three hundred miles above the Shoals. His contention was that Tennessee was being deprived of its rights in the power to be developed at this site.

Joined by Tydings, of Maryland, and Blease, of South Carolina, McKellar kept the Senate in session all night. But finally he gave up, with the taunt that the President would veto the bill.

Probably the President will. It is before him for action—a Government operation bill fathered by Norris and nurtured by Morin. The President has said in more than one Message that Muscle Shoals should be operated by private enterprise.

Power in First Place

MEANWHILE, the Swing-Johnson Bill for Government construction of another mammoth power plant in Boulder Canyon of the Colorado was pressed to victory in the House. This proposal, too, is the target of Senate filibustering and is likely not to succeed at this session.

But the question of whether the great power sites are to be controlled by the Government or by private interests will engage Congress at other sessions. Muscle Shoals and Boulder Canyon have been the pioneers in the fight, but other great sites are coming into prominence. A resolution by Representative Cramp-ton has been adopted preventing, until Congress has time to investigate, the carrying forward of plans for private development at Great Falls of the Potomac. An Ohio company proposes a \$60,000,000 development.

The Great Falls are less than twenty miles above Washington, in an area admirably suited for a wilderness park. A bill for the creation of such a park, introduced by Senator Capper, cannot emerge from the jam at this session.

Twenty Millions Less Taxes

TAXES are to be reduced to the extent of \$222,495,000. For practical purposes, the \$495,000 may be omitted. Treasury actuaries and Congressional committee experts do not come within, or closely without, that sum in forecasting what a tax law will yield.

The bill is a compromise between the \$290,000,000 House bill and the \$205,000,000 Senate bill, and is \$22,000,000 in excess of the greatest reduction that the Treasury can stand, according to Secretary Mellon's prepassage statement.

Between parties, there was no compromise. This is a Republican bill, in

contrast to the last one, which was a co-operative achievement. In the Senate, however, the Democrats came perilously close to "putting over" a part of their more drastic program. Vice-President Dawes saved the day on a tie vote. And that was possible only because Senator Blease suddenly discovered that he was paired and moved reconsideration in order that he might refrain from voting. For a few minutes the Democratic proposition was actually carried.

The bulk of the reduction in the bill as agreed upon in conference—\$135,450,000—comes from the reduction of the corporation rate from 13½ to 12 per cent. The only other large item—\$66,000,000—results from repeal of the 3 per cent tax on automobiles.

Secretary Mellon's twice-renewed fight for repeal of the inheritance tax is again lost.

See New York for a Nickel

UNTIL some time after October 2, by order of the Supreme Court of the United States, the well-known nickel coin will continue legal tender for one worm's-eye view of New York. Increased fare on the Interborough and B. M. T. systems was stayed pending final court determination of the fare they should be permitted to collect.

The Cost of Campaigns

THE expenses of Mr. Hoover's campaign have climbed, in the record of the investigating committee, to \$300,745, and those of Atlee Pomerene's have been fixed at \$100. Senator Heflin continues to charge from the Senate floor that huge expenditures in Governor Smith's behalf are concealed, but continues also to admit, when challenged, that he has no evidence.

Thomas S. Butler

THOMAS S. BUTLER, of Pennsylvania, was the father of America's modern Navy. For thirty-one years a member of the Naval Affairs Committee of the House, for many years its Chairman, he had consistently supported the program of the big-navy men—until the beginning of the present session of Congress.

Chairman Butler wrote last December, at the request of the Navy Department and with the approval of the President, a naval construction bill that alarmed him. He never supported it. On two occasions he said to *The Outlook's* correspondent in Washington that it was a mystery to him. Though author of the bill and chairman of the committee having it in charge, he pushed the mammoth

program aside and introduced another bill providing for construction on a much less pretentious scale.

Mr. Butler died the other day with the Naval Construction Bill still unenacted, still a mystery in the public mind if not in his own. Perhaps there will never be an explanation of why the President, a small-navy man, approved a construction program so large as to frighten the big-navy men.

Chairman Butler died, as Chairman Madden, of the Ways and Means Committee did, with the last bill on which he had labored pending and in dispute. Oldest member of the House in point of continuous service, he had devoted more than three decades of his life mainly to the upbuilding of the Navy.

Heat in Politics

THE political observer has been able to discern many indications that, this year, the Republican National Convention will be a hotter affair than the Demo-

cratic. Confirmation comes from the Herbert Janvrin Browne Long-Range Weather Forecast Service, which has definitely announced that the weather will be hotter in Kansas City than in Houston. A cold wave was to start in the Northwest on May 22, on a schedule that will bring it to Texas as for the Convention.

Otherwise than meteorologically, however, both Conventions promise to be decidedly warm. No candidate in either party has enough delegates to insure a nomination. Hoover has 339½ undisputed. A majority—545—will nominate. On the Democratic side, Smith has 558 undisputed. Two-thirds—733⅓—will nominate. Delegates not certain are claimed by both Smith and Hoover, but not enough in either case to insure the nomination. On the Democratic side, no other candidate has as many as 50 delegates undisputed. On the Republican side, Lowden has 188½ undisputed.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

AN INVISIBLE CLOUD of vapor brought back to Hamburg lately the terrors of war. It was phosgene gas—that killed 11 people and disabled 250. Soon the great German port resembled a city under siege, with troops in gas masks guarding the sector in which the gas had escaped.

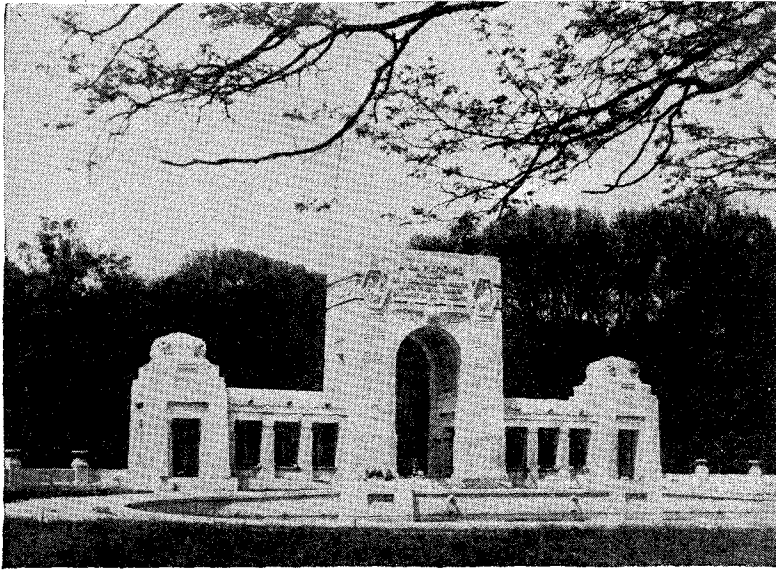
More was left to be cleared away than the peril of further poisoning. Both in Germany and throughout Europe and America arose inquiries as to how the gas came to be in Hamburg. But the affair remained temporarily mysterious and obscure.

The phosgene fumes escaped from a burst container in the Stolzenberg plant, where a large stock of the gas proved to be stored. All that the proprietor would say was that he received it from army stocks left over from the war, and that he had supplied phosgene on order to firms in the United States and in Czechoslovakia. The destination and purpose of this particular supply remained unexplained. There was talk—that Stolzenberg did not deny—of a gas plant in Troitzk, Russia, controlled by the German Reichswehr, or Defense Force, which he had aided to establish. And there were rumors that this gas might have been intended for the Reichswehr as part of a secret reserve. The German Government issued a denial that the gas was stored in Hamburg on behalf of any

military authority. And so the catastrophe waited to be fully explained by an official investigation.

Phosgene is used in the chemical industry for the preparation of aniline dyes and of drugs. Its manufacture in three factories in Germany was permitted by the Allies under the Versailles Treaty. But the Stolzenberg plant was not one of these three. Since the Inter-allied Military Control Commission in Germany has been abolished, it seems likely that the whole affair may be made the subject of an inquiry by the League of Nations at the next meeting of its Council, to which was transferred responsibility for the limitation of German war equipment.

CONSPIRACY against the French Government, in an attempt to separate the province of Alsace from France, was the verdict against four out of fifteen men who have been on trial in Colmar in a case that has commanded the attention of both France and Germany. Its prosecution has caused excitement and disorders throughout Alsace, and at its end sympathizers rushed to shake the hands of the convicted men. They were the leading spirits in a movement for Alsatian autonomy. Two of them—Georges E. Ricklin, a former Deputy in the German Reichstag, and Joseph V. Rosse, co-proprietor with him of a pub-



Wide World

THE MEMORIAL TO THE DEAD OF THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE

at St. Cloud, near Paris, where the bodies of sixty-seven members of the unit, the first American group to volunteer in the World War, will be buried

lishing concern—were chosen to the French Chamber of Deputies in the recent elections. The other two are journalists. All were sentenced to terms of from one to four years in prison, to be followed by five years of exile.

The affair has revealed how serious a problem France has on her hands in the reconciliation of the provinces she lost to Germany in 1871 and regained in 1918. At that time the National Council of Alsace and Lorraine, formed after the German Revolution, declared that the people would return to France with joy, under conditions safeguarding their beliefs, traditions, and economic interests. It might have been easy to win their enthusiastic and unqualified allegiance by considerate treatment at the start. The French Government suppressed the National Council, and placed the administration of these two Catholic provinces under a notoriously anti-clerical Secretary of State. The question of language has made as much trouble as religion, for two-thirds to three-quarters of the people of both Alsace and Lorraine speak German dialects which the Government has desired to supplant as rapidly as possible. French became the language of instruction in the schools. The officials put in public office were from other parts of France, and knew little or nothing of these new territories. Finally, in 1925, their administration was transferred to Paris, which was to the local residents an unwelcome centralization.

So arose the irritations that led to the movement which Ricklin headed. He declared that he never intended to separate Alsace from France, but only to

secure for Alsatians control of their own affairs. France naturally could not tolerate the autonomist agitation. But from it and from Germany's experiences in the provinces she can learn something to guide her future policy more wisely.

VENIZELOS, the statesman who more than any other one man was the architect of "Greater Greece," is back in Greek politics. Coming out of a retirement of over seven years, he has declared his intention to resume the leadership of the Liberal Party. And observers are predicting another stormy period for the Greek Republic.

Venizelos explained that he felt his guidance necessary to preserve order and prevent the country from drifting into disaster. He challenged the nominal head of the Liberals, Finance Minister Kafandaris. Venizelos has sought a reform law regarding elections to the Senate which the Finance Minister has opposed. At a special session of the party, Kafandaris announced his resignation from its chairmanship and from his Cabinet post. Five other Ministers followed his example, fearing trouble ahead. Premier Zaimis found himself forced to quit office. So President Kondouriotis faces the task of finding Greece a new Government that will not at once plunge the country into civil war.

Venizelos is the man who was responsible for the policy of attempting to redeem the Greeks of Asia Minor from Turkish rule. After he was defeated in the elections of 1920, the Turkish Nationalists drove out the Greek armies. Since then the main problem of Greece

has been how to absorb the million and a half refugee compatriots whom the calamity drove to her shores.

Just what Venizelos is driving at now is not apparent. His royalist opponents assert that this old diplomatic friend of France is bent on blocking the policies of friendship with Italy which Foreign Minister Michalakopoulos has been developing to the point of a new Greek-Italian treaty. And it is not impossible that behind the play of local Hellenic politics is a larger strategy of European power aiming to prevent Mussolini from uncomfortably extending Fascist influence in the eastern Mediterranean.

FROM SOVIET RUSSIA have come denials of the report—repeated in these columns last week—that a Communist conference took place recently in Cassel, Germany, on means of agitation in armies and navies. The denial did not receive as much prominence in the newspapers as the original report, and I wish to give it equal emphasis here. The Soviet explanation is that the alleged news was a piece of anti-Bolshevik propaganda—probably British. There is, of course, no way of checking the accuracy of either statement. Anti-Bolshevik propagandists—British or others—would have obvious motives for circulating such a report, and Bolshevik apologists would have equally obvious motives for discrediting it. You can read both accounts and take your choice.

VILNA, according to the new Constitution just adopted for Lithuania, is the country's capital. The only inconvenience is that the city is in Polish hands. The Polish General Zeligowski seized it some seven years ago.

Poland and Lithuania were technically—though not actively—at war over the issue, until they agreed at the Council of the League of Nations last December to come to a pacific understanding. Since then all attempts to reach a real diplomatic agreement have broken down. And this fresh Lithuanian claim to a city that Poland holds is not likely to soothe the feelings of the Polish dictator, Marshal Pilsudski. For that matter, neither were Polish seizure and retention of the historic Lithuanian town calculated to captivate Lithuanian hearts and cement a lasting amity. In fact, Polish-Lithuanian relations are, as they have been ever since the war, quiet because there are so many more Poles than Lithuanians. Temporarily, which means indefinitely, the actual Lithuanian capital continues to be at Kovno.

McNary, Haugen, *et Al.*

By DIXON MERRITT

IT was written on the sky that President Coolidge would veto the McNary-Haugen Bill. Everybody had ample time to discount the impending fact; but nobody did. Everybody went feverishly along getting delegates and trading in them, marrying and giving in marriage, politically speaking, just as though the day of doom would never come.

Then when it came, as everybody knew that it would come, everybody was thrown into disorder and dismay.

Prophets who on the day before, with the certainty of what was to happen clearly in their minds, had said that the nomination of Hoover and Smith was as inevitable as daybreak and sunrise now proclaimed all of their old prophecies false and made new ones—extreme, many of them.

Here is, in substance, what not less than a score dependable political prophets of the National capital were saying on the day after the veto message went to Congress:

"Hoover cannot be nominated because, heir of the Coolidge policies in addition to having won the hatred of the revolting farmers in his own right, he would lose the Middle West. Lowden cannot be nominated, or Dawes, because they are outspoken advocates of McNary-Haugenism, and the party must at least make a show of standing by the record of its Administration. Curtis cannot be nominated because, no matter how reluctantly, he voted for the McNary-Haugen Bill.

"Who, then, can be nominated? Possibly Hughes. Coolidge himself. Or, if there is a good dark horse in the Coolidge stable, he can flash out to the position next the rail.

"Is not Dwight Morrow that dark horse? Why, certainly! Why had we not thought of him before? Former partner of the house of Morgan, certainly. But for that very reason heir to the Wall Street strength. And Wall Street is wider than Trinity Church. It is as wide as New York. And Dwight Morrow is the man who would have a very good chance—close to a certainty—of carrying New York against Al Smith. Certainly, Dwight Morrow.

"A member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company could not be elected

President? Did not the Republicans make the next biggest banker to Morgan Secretary of the Treasury, and did it not make the country like it? Did it not make this same Morrow Ambassador to Mexico, the most important of our diplomats, and did it not make the country like that, too? The fact that the Democrats could not do much with a Morgan lawyer does not prove that the Republicans could not do a great deal with a Morgan partner.

"And, because the Republicans cannot afford to nominate Hoover, but must nominate Morrow, the Democrats cannot afford to nominate Smith, but must nominate Owen D. Young. He, too, has the support of large-scale finance. He can control at least one side of Wall Street, and up State he is stronger than Morrow. He, and not Smith, is the Democratic hope in New York State if Morrow is the Republican standard-bearer."

Other prophecies were made, equally fantastic—or equally plausible. The one most often repeated was that President Coolidge when he vetoed the McNary-Haugen Bill placed himself beyond the possibility of declining to serve when drafted as the Republican nominee. Though he, and not Hoover, wrote the veto, he is none the less stronger than Hoover in the revolting West. And in the East he can save at least Massachusetts, probably New Jersey, and possibly other States which would be lost to Smith by any other Republican. Coolidge might win with the West lost. Hoover could win only by winning the West, which is lost.

And so on.

There is agreement among them in just one point, or rather in two related points—that the veto of the McNary-Haugen Bill made impossible the nomination of a McNary-Haugenite and imperiled Republican success in the Middle West with an anti-McNary-Haugenite at the head of the ticket.

I agree with the opinion that Republican affairs are profoundly affected by the veto. I dissent from the opinion that Democratic affairs are much dis-

turbed by it. It seems to me that Smith's chances for nomination as well as for election have been helped, and not hurt. But with the details of the hysteria of prophecy which broke with the veto I am not much concerned. That which is interesting is the fact that realization came so quickly after the veto when nothing could bring it home during the months and years before the veto.

There is substantially nothing in the situation now that was not in it on the day after President Coolidge made his speech before the American Farm Bureau Federation in Chicago during the first days of December, 1925. It was apparent then that the wheat and corn country demanded a subsidy, by whatever name called, and without it would revolt. There have been two consistencies, and only two, ever since—the farmers' determination to have the equalization fee and Coolidge's determination that they should not have it.

The equalization fee is, of course, a horrible makeshift. Personally, after scrambling desperately for seven years to get enough money elsewhere to keep a farm going, I think that I should have quit as a farmer if President Coolidge had signed the McNary-Haugen Bill. But why he and his responsible party leaders have maintained a negative attitude and done nothing positive toward bringing about sound agricultural relief—that I shall never understand.

And why it was made necessary for him, on the same day, to veto the McNary-Haugen Bill and to sign the Jones-White Shipping Bill—that can be attributed only to bone-headedness. The Shipping Bill, called by various sweet names, is more a subsidy bill than the McNary-Haugen. Revolving fund at the lowest rate of interest ever established, plain subsidy for carrying the mails, Government marine insurance, Government salaries to merchant officers and crew on the pretext of naval reserves—parallelopipedon lying flat on that of the McNary-Haugen Bill.

Up to now Al Smith has owed most to Senator J. Thomas Heflin and young Theodore Roosevelt. But now his supreme debt is to the bunglers in the regular Republican organization in Washington.

A Mother Revolts

ON those fairly frequent occasions when, by rotogravure or royal manifesto, the father of some outlandish number of children is made to feel that he is a great and worthy citizen of his country, we have always wondered what the mother thinks about it. Now we know, in one instance at least.

Mrs. Ethel Cromwell, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, is thirty-five years old. She has been married ten years, and she has borne thirteen children. Only five are living.

Mr. Cromwell was not at all discouraged even though the last born is a helpless cripple. But when his wife heard a fourteenth mentioned she went to the police. The police were puzzled but willing to oblige, and, after hunting around among their stock of charges, decided that "technical breach of peace" would do.

The city prosecutor thinks there must be "a law on the statute-books that will protect a wife whose health, according to physicians, would be imperiled by further child bearing."

If we must add another law to our overloaded statute-books, we think it the best law we have heard of in years.

Germany "Safe for Democracy"

THE German Republic and the peace policies of Foreign Minister Stresemann won the elections in Germany. That is the reassuring fact that the rest of the world sees in the returns.

The Social Democrats swing the balance of parliamentary power in the new Reichstag. They are a moderate constitutional Socialist party, favoring the Republican Constitution, the Locarno arbitration treaties with the Allies, the League of Nations, and fulfillment of the Dawes Plan for reparations. Gaining 21 seats, they have raised their representation to 152—twelve short of a third of the total membership. Thus they become the decisive force for the next four years in German politics.

At the same time the Nationalists—reactionaries opposed by conviction to the Republic, the Dawes Plan, and the pacific settlements with the Allies—dropped from 111 to 73 places. Eighteen additional Deputies, elected by agrarian factions not officially connected with the Nationalists but in sympathy with them, will bring their strength to 91.

The elections were directly a rebuke to the Nationalists for the high cost of living that followed new taxes on foodstuffs and tariffs they secured in favor of the large agrarian interests. This economic motive in the voting appeared most clearly in gains made by the Communists. They won 54 seats and moved from fifth to fourth place in the list of Reichstag parties, next to the Catholic Center Party. Even this solid conservative organization dropped from 69 to 61 seats. And below the Communists now ranks the People's Party of the big industrialists and business men, headed by Foreign Minister Stresemann, with 45 seats.

Dr. Otto Braun, the Social Democratic Chancellor of the State of Prussia, apparently will head the new Government.

Just what sort of coalition Cabinet he may form will depend on his conferences with Dr. Stresemann, who is still recovering from illness. The Social Democrats need the co-operation of the Catholic Centrists, the People's Party, and the Democrats to form a majority Cabinet. That fact, as usual, will modify the Socialistic features of their policy.

The voters have created a balance of forces that safeguards the progress of republican Germany. So France is welcoming the result as a reinforcement of the new program of Franco-German co-operation that has been inaugurated in recent years. It constitutes a fresh assurance of the secure recovery of Europe.

Creator of Criminals

UNLESS the thief steals because he likes nice things, it is reasonably certain that before he starts out with gun and jimmy he knows of another man who will pay cash for the loot he brings home. What is the status under the law, then, of the latter?

The Association of Grand Jurors of New York County has been asking that question, and has noted a variety of answers in these States. In Louisiana the "fence" is regarded as so little reprehensible that the maximum punishment is two years. Other States treat him as a principal; that is, if the goods were received through highway robbery, the penalty for the receiver is for that type of crime.

This latter theory seems logical and at first thought adequate; but the New York jurors have advanced to the position that the "fence" is more culpable than the thief. In their words, he is "the source of organized crime and the creator of criminals."

It is our belief that this is more than a theory; that it is a sound principle to be embodied in our law. Which is guiltier—Fagin or the child he trains to filch pennies?

But Fagin is an obsolete symbol. The United States produces annually goods valued at approximately \$61,000,000,000. It has been estimated that merchandise frauds total \$500,000,000 annually; that credit frauds cause a yearly loss of \$265,000,000; and that robbery and hold-ups add another \$100,000,000 to the bill. Which is merely another way of saying that the "fence" industry is a billion-dollar industry.

Modern crime is organized and interlocked, and the receiver of stolen goods is a member of the interlocking directorate. The loft burglaries in big cities, the fake bankruptcies, are planned and instigated by the men who will receive and dispose of the spoils. The crook, new style, often takes orders for the swag before he steals it.

One result of the studies of the New York jurors is a maximum punishment of twenty years for the "fence" convicted in that State. The law has also been strengthened in other respects. The thief is no longer held to be the accomplice of the receiver, and therefore may testify against him. Dealers and collectors who do not make reasonable inquiry when buying are presumed to have had guilty knowledge if it is proved that the purchase was stolen.

The report of the New York Association has just been published. A copy should be put in the hands of every member of every lawmaking body in the country. Its findings show that there is widespread ignorance as to the culpability of the "fence," and its recommendations strike at the heart of the organized criminal industry.

Boston's Bogy-Man

IT is hardly news any more when the one-time intellectual center of America bans a book. The publisher privately utters whoops of glee; the liberal newspapers print some stern editorials; but the majority of intelligent people have reached a point where they turn over the page and forget it, merely reflecting that poor, dear old Boston is making itself ridiculous again.

There is now a list of more than seventy works of recent vintage which good Bostonians are not supposed to read. Of these only two, "An American Tragedy" and "Oil," have been officially proscribed in the Massachusetts courts. The rest have been dealt with by the same informal censorship which has this month sheared the head off "Bad Girl," and people in places remote from Beacon Hill are again wondering who this mysterious censor is.

Conspicuous among several others, it is the New England Watch and Ward Society, Boston's purity league, whose whispers in the ear of certain booksellers cause the latter to blanch and burn up half their stock. But this isn't all. After a period of alarms and excursions last year, when books were being popped off in lots of ten upwards, somebody uncovered the activities of the Rev. Paul Stirling, Episcopal minister in a Boston suburb. The Rev. Mr. Stirling, seventy-five years of age and retired, had been devoting his time to contemporary literature in the pious hope of discovering obscenity, which he invariably did. He kept the police busy with his complaints, and the booksellers, under threat of arrest, withdrew the books. The rest of the slaughter was the unassisted work of the dealers themselves, who were seized with panic at about this time and stopped the sale of thirty or forty books without a word of complaint from anybody.

The black list built up in this manner in the space of a few years no doubt includes some really indecent books, but it also includes such specimens as "Circus Parade," by Jim Tully; "What I Believe," by Bertrand Russell; "Dark Laughter," by Sherwood Anderson; "Nigger Heaven," by Carl Van Vechten; "The Irishman," by St. John Ervine; "Power," by Lion Feuchtwanger; "Black April," by Julia Peterkin; "Man-

By HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

The censor in Boston today, Miss Smith finds, is the bookseller himself. In other words, while positive forces are still operating to keep the Hub's reading matter undefiled, "suggestion" is now doing the most effective work.

hattan Transfer," by John Dos Passos; "Young Men in Love," by Michael Arlen; "Doomsday," by Warwick Deeping; "The Sun Also Rises," by Ernest Hemingway; "The Allinghams," by May Sinclair.

The current case of "Bad Girl" illustrates the smooth efficiency of the system. Viña Delmar's novel is a desperately sincere piece of work based on the married life of one boy and girl among New York's multitudes. Boston is said to have been shocked, specifically, by the seduction scene, which occurs, however, between two young people who are very much in love and are married within twenty-four hours. In the only other questionable passage the bewildered young wife, thinking her husband doesn't want a baby, visits an abortionist and is so revolted that she backs out in a hurry; hardly an immoral outcome. The rest of the country has found this innocuous, as literature goes. But in Boston the Watch and Ward Society had only to hint to the dealers that, in its opinion, the book afforded grounds for prosecution, and the dealers promptly withdrew it.

It is a curious psychological manifestation, this Boston censorship. Part of it arises, no doubt, from so-called Boston Puritanism, which in this day is no different from Puritanism anywhere in the country. More of it arises from Boston propriety, which is not quite the same thing. But by far the greater part springs from an epidemic of blue funk among the booksellers, who are organized more or less into something called the Boston Book Merchants' Board of Trade.

To an outsider there is something quaint in the spectacle of these acolytes of literature falling flat in their eagerness to outcensor the censor. But when asked

about it they explain plaintively that they don't want to go to jail.

Under the State law, it is the bookseller, not the publisher or the author, who is held responsible for the indecency of books. So these honest men, who have gone into the book business to make a living, see always before them the horrid specter of unsought martyrdom and two years in the hoosegow.

It all goes back to the Massachusetts obscenity law, which is a marvel of armor-plated bigotry. With the help of a judicial opinion, this law enables any one so minded to suppress practically anything. Its application is not confined to books of genuinely vicious intent; it empowers complainants to pick out an isolated passage from a sincere literary work and demand a conviction on the strength of that; and experience has shown they will probably get it. The statute forbids the circulation of books "containing obscene, indecent or impure language or manifestly tending to corrupt the morals of youth;" a phrasing which invites the suppression of most classics from "Romeo and Juliet" to Walt Whitman's poems. Only the works of Eddie Guest are safe.

As further encouragement for the reformers, a justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court in 1909 wrote an adverse opinion on Mrs. Glyn's faintly purple "Three Weeks;" the only book so far to be taken to the highest court. In his decision a passage was held to be obscene if it tended to incite, *in the minds of those susceptible to such influence*, impure thoughts! A brighter person than I has pointed out that on the strength of this you could bar a furniture catalogue.

Another fear besets the harassed bookseller in this matter of selling dubious books (alas! they are all dubious), and that is the religio-racial complexion of his neighbors. Puritan Boston, of course, is now about two-thirds Irish; many of the lower court judges own Irish Catholic affiliations, and Suffolk County juries are largely composed of the same. Privately, some of the dealers confess uneasiness at the thought of being brought up on such a charge before this moral people. So far as I could learn, this is the first and last of the Church's influence on what Boston reads. Certainly Catholic dignitaries

have not assisted in building up the famous black list; possibly because they didn't have to.

The obscenity law was passed some twenty-five years ago, and during the first ten years of its existence practically every dealer in Boston was arrested on complaint of the Watch and Ward Society and given the minimum sentence of a hundred dollars fine. One book-store was convicted for selling Rabelais, and this seems to have been the only entrance of a classical work in the whole course of the controversy. The Society, however militant for purity, is sufficiently Bostonian to stand in awe of a sacred literary name. However, after a decade the booksellers were goaded to the point of trying to amend the law, but the Watch and Ward beat them.

THEN, in desperation, they hoisted a white flag and approached the erstwhile enemy. This was fifteen years ago. The Watch and Ward Society was then, as now, an organization of social as well as moral excellence. Its vice-presidents and directors at present include a sprinkling of Cabots, and there are the rector of a high Anglican church, the pastors of some fashionable Unitarian and Congregational churches, and the Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts. There are two Catholics, with irreproachable Anglo-Saxon names.

This organization and the merchants found a congenial solution in a joint committee composed of three booksellers, headed by Mr. Richard Fuller of the Old Corner Bookstore, and three members of the Society. The agreement was that the Watch and Ward would call for no arrests on a book until it had been reviewed by the committee; if it was turned down, the booksellers would send out notices to the trade to discontinue it, and they would have three days' grace. The Society exercised its veto powers with comparative moderation, and perhaps seventeen books were stopped during fourteen years' activity of the committee, up to the end of 1926.

As the arrangement worked out, it gave the booksellers and the Watch and Ward Society the power of life and death over books in Boston. They even got two of the leading newspapers to refuse advertising on books they had disapproved, and the literary editors agreed not to run reviews of them. It was as tight a little ring as one could dream of. As to why the three booksellers on the committee assisted at cutting off their own noses, the answer is that they desired safety above all things, and also that the feel of power is pleasant. And

the few books involved were hardly worth fighting for.

Two years ago the police intruded on the scene and arrested two women for selling a book which had been passed by the committee, and they were defended, not only by the dealers, but by the Watch and Ward Society. Meanwhile a diligent book merchant got the police into line, which meant agreeing not to make any arrests in future without consulting the committee. A similar arrangement had been entered into with the district attorney two years earlier.

In all these years no one had ever challenged the committee when it turned thumbs down. A few lesser booksellers had tried to evade the bar, and had been promptly convicted on the sale of "Simon Called Peter" and some other books. But in the spring of 1926 the Watch and Ward threatened action against an issue of the "American Mercury" containing the story "Hatrack," and H. L. Mencken took the first train to Boston and got himself arrested for selling a copy of the magazine to the secretary of the Society. Subsequently, in the municipal court, Mr. Mencken had the good fortune to come before a singularly intelligent judge, who acquitted him on the ground that that story would not give rise to lascivious thoughts in the mind of a person paying fifty cents for a magazine.

Afterwards Boni & Liveright went up to Boston to fight for Theodore Dreiser's novel "An American Tragedy," and got a hundred-dollar fine. The case is now on appeal. Still later a book-store clerk was fined a hundred dollars for selling Upton Sinclair's "Oil," but Mr. Sinclair was unable to get himself arrested. To the best of my knowledge, Mr. Mencken is the only person who has made a successful fight so far. And as a Cambridge judge fined a newsdealer for selling the "Mercury" about a week later, his success is somewhat offset. It looks to me as though Mr. Mencken were simply in luck and the Massachusetts system unbeatable.

EVERYTHING was thrown out of order in the autumn of 1926 by the death of J. Frank Chase, for years the faithful secretary of the Watch and Ward Society. For some weeks the purity of Boston went unprotected, until a semi-literate housewife in a suburb found her son reading "The Plastic Age" in the woodshed. This novel had been out three years and had gone unscotched. The mother spoke to the priest, who spoke to the police, who made arrests. Mr. Fuller galloped to the district attor-

ney (a new one was in office by this time), and persuaded him to drop the prosecution, on the usual consideration: the book would be withdrawn.

But it was now anybody's ball, so to speak, and the response was terrific. People sent in the name of every book ever published. A Back Bay lady was shocked by Ernest Pascal's "The Marriage Bed," and complained. The Rev. Paul Stirling complained continually, and Michael Crowley, the Superintendent of Police, was swamped in reading matter. Meanwhile the booksellers became nervous and sent nine or ten books to the district attorney with a request to know if they were actionable. The latter, Mr. William J. Foley, turned the lot over to his assistant, Mr. William J. Sullivan, for perusal.

Mr. Sullivan is a charming if somewhat austere young man, with every appearance of intelligence and capacity in his own line—which is not, as he tersely puts it, "reading smutty novels." Still, he read them, and discerned in them just one thing: that they were all clearly contrary to the laws of Massachusetts—as they probably were. And he announced this to the dealers—i. e., he banned them.

The number of books proscribed in a few weeks' action by the civic authorities had now mounted to seventeen, or the same number that had been condemned in fourteen years of more careful literary judgments by the Watch and Ward Society. Mr. Sullivan's batch included "The Marriage Bed," "The Plastic Age," Frances Newman's "The Hard-Boiled Virgin," "The Ancient Hunger," by Edwin Granberry; "Antennæ," by Hulbert Footner; and four others. To wind up this phase of the action, a bright reporter on a Boston paper thought it would be interesting to find out what the district attorney would say about "Elmer Gantry," so he called his attention to it. He got, as the saying is, the story. The district attorney banned "Elmer Gantry."

In their confusion the booksellers made a flippant gesture, which was not, as it turned out, the thing to do. They prepared a bundle of fifty-seven volumes, which they sent to the district attorney, saying these books were just as bad as the ones he had condemned, and did he intend to prosecute them too? But it happened that the fifty-seven, instead of being delivered to the long-suffering Mr. Sullivan, were dumped in the office of Mr. Foley. That personage, in the current idiom, got sore, and slammed them back with the statement that he and his staff were sick of acting

as censors, and if the booksellers wanted to sell these books, they could take their chances. Also he would ask for jail sentences in future. The dealers decided that, all in all, perhaps they had better withdraw over half the lot.

That brings us about up to date as far as the black list is concerned. I am privately informed that the trade as a whole does not take this last prohibition very seriously. The books are quietly sold in a number of shops; and one or two sell what they please, anyway, in defiance even of the Watch and Ward. But nobody is courting trouble displaying officially disapproved books.

DIRECTLY after the flurry of a year ago, the Watch and Ward Society appointed another executive secretary, and the police were persuaded, after a struggle, to refer their complaints to him as of yore. "Bad Girl" is the first book of any consequence to be banned since. But in the interim a little comic relief was afforded by the case of "Dusty Answer."

This novel by a young Englishwoman, Rosamond Lehmann, contains, as is well known, a not too obvious reference to an abnormality. Dr. Stirling did not miss it. With the volume under one arm he hastened to Charles S. Bodwell, the current factotum of the Watch and Ward, demanding strong measures. Mr. Bodwell had already read it, and confessed himself unable to see anything objectionable. Dr. Stirling retorted, "If you can't see it you'd better go to your doctor and get him to tell you."

"If I have to go to my doctor to find out what's wrong with a book, I guess it won't hurt the general public," Mr. Bodwell is reported to have answered. Not content, Dr. Stirling took his prize to the police. They nearly wore out a copy trying to find out where the immorality lay, but were unable to make head or tail of it.

And that is why "Dusty Answer" wasn't banned in Boston.

With all this moral frenzy being directed against more or less honest literature, how is real obscenity flourishing in the virtuous town of Boston—nasty little magazines intended for circulation among high school students, stuff really designed to "corrupt the morals of youth"? The answer is that it is flourishing undisturbed. During a two days' visit to Boston I went to a newsdealer and bought five different "art" magazines, so called, filled with pictures of nude women. A member of the district attorney's staff assured me that if he had heard about them they would have been

prosecuted without an instant's hesitation. But in the year and five months since he had taken office not a single complaint had been filed against this type of magazine. The evidence is fairly damning. The obscenity hunters of Boston, like their brethren everywhere, do not seem particularly interested in the genuine article.

It has long been apparent to everybody but the latter that Massachusetts needs a new law. And during the last session of the Legislature three bills were introduced. One merely called for the appointment of a commission to investigate the book situation, and is not important. At the same time the Book Merchants' Board of Trade secured the introduction of an ingenious bill which would solve their difficulties and let literature take care of itself.

First, this bill would write into the law the old arrangement whereby the book merchant was to receive warning before he was prosecuted. To do this, instead of penalizing the person selling a book "containing obscene, indecent, or impure language," etc., it would change the wording to "knowing it to contain" such matter.

Second, it would make the publisher or the holder of the copyright responsible for the obscenity of the book instead of the dealer. Third, for the present criminal action in the municipal court it would substitute elaborate equity proceedings in the Superior Court. The Attorney-General, the district attorney, or any two adult citizens would be empowered to file a complaint against a book with a Superior Court judge. If upon a "summary examination" he found "reasonable cause" to believe the book violated the law, he could issue a temporary injunction against its sale and order the publisher or the copyright owner. If no defense were made within sixty days, the injunction could be made permanent. And the bookseller would be safe unless he violated the injunction.

IN fact, the only thing this bill doesn't do is to change the basis of censorship. It would leave untouched the absurd provision of the present law that a book may be prosecuted on a single passage instead of on its whole purport.

To remedy this a second bill was introduced this year, which bears the name of Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," and is supported by William Z. Ripley, of Harvard, Charles F. D. Belden, head of the Boston Public Library, and a flock of other librarians all over the State. It offers the only genuine solution of the mess, and that is to

require that the alleged obscenity of a book be judged "in connection with its entire context and theme or with the context and theme of any complete component part thereof."

As to the reason why the Sedgwick group and the booksellers cannot get together on their bills, it is the same old specter of the Watch and Ward Society. The moving spirit of the Book Merchants' Board of Trade is Mr. Fuller, an attractive, keen, and enterprising gentleman of good old Boston connections. While he has anything but the reformer's type of mind, he has a weakness for the game of politics, and the true politician's gift for seeing spooks. His haunting demon is the mystic power of the reform element, against whose opposition, he is convinced, no bill in Massachusetts can possibly pass. And this element is forever set against such a change as that embodied in the Sedgwick bill.

In campaigning for his bill Mr. Fuller enlisted such supporters as the Watch and Ward Society, the Federated Churches, and a Jewish rabbi or two; which should have convinced him that it would be perfectly ineffective against the censorship problem, but didn't. The supporters of this measure have convinced themselves by a curious argument, namely, that the equity judges of the Superior Court are men of such highly intelligent type that they will be certain to judge the book as a whole, anyway, whatever the law tells them!

At present a book which is barred in Boston may still be sold in other parts of the State, but the proposed injunction proceedings would make the prohibition State-wide. This sounds like an argument in favor, until you remember that when a judge proscribes a book upon "summary examination" it may not be bought in Massachusetts until its publisher or author has proved its innocence. And in New York State it took almost three years to clear "Jürgen" in the courts. The Book Merchants' attorney was perhaps just a little too frank when he pleaded in behalf of this bill: "The machinery," which it would set up, "lends itself to the quick and sweeping action which the organizations for purity need in their work." In other words, the book dealers have sold the interests of literature to the Watch and Ward Society.

Two book-shop owners, Bertha M. Mahony and H. R. Burgess, stayed out of the organization and supported the Sedgwick bill, which with its fellows has now been put over to the next session of the Legislature. But with these exceptions
(Please turn to continuation, page 233)

Politics: The French National Sport

ON coming out of the Church of Notre Dame des Champs, on the Boulevard Montparnasse, on any bright Sunday morning, the stranger to Paris is amazed at hearing the Sabbath stillness shattered by a dozen youths who fairly attack the church-goers, thrusting newspapers in their faces and shouting their wares. Surely, thinks the visitor, it is at least another war, and buys a paper, through which he struggles on a hunt for the latest sensation, only to find that he has purchased an ordinary copy of the royalist paper "L'Action Française." Or, on coming up out of the subway at the Porte Maillot at seven o'clock any Saturday evening, you find yourself between the barrages of opposing parties, each furiously endeavoring to save your political morals by selling you his sheet.

The average Frenchman, despite the pictures drawn by a certain class of French novel, is a home-loving person. He spends his evenings in the bosom of his family, or sits in the corner of his favorite café, which has come to be a second home to him, chatting or playing cards with his cronies. Theatres, especially since the war, are too expensive for his slim income. Sports and physical culture as the American knows them, as something for every one to indulge in, do not exist for him.

But what the Frenchman does have is his politics. There he finds his intellectual interest, his never-ending material for discussion, his reason for buying the evening paper, and frequently for the lads who sell them their opportunity to blow off considerable quantities of "steam." And how indeed can he escape politics? He is practically Government-owned. If his matches don't strike—and they seldom do—it is because of the Government monopoly. If his telephone connection is poor—and it usually is—it is because of the Government monopoly. If his father dies in the country, and he cannot learn of the fact until twelve hours later, it is because the Government controls the telegrams and doesn't work after eight in the evening. And so on.

He is always of the opinion, therefore, that, no matter what his ills may be, they arise from the malevolence or the incompetence of politicians. Like the

By GOLDA M. GOLDMAN

The writer, who is English director of broadcasting for the Radio Institute of the Sorbonne, characterizes French politics as "the sport substitute of men and boys, the plaything of the chosen few." This despite nine parties and a passionate general interest in their policies.

citizens of all the countries of the world, he seldom counts his blessings. He is out to fight the Government, being convinced that his party, which is out, would do better were it in. This is many times easier than it would be in the United States, where at the most one must be, say, Democrat, Republican, or Socialist. Mildly speaking, there are at least nine divisions which are political groups of importance in the Senate and the House of Deputies, and the mass of voters, like their representatives, are similarly split up. These groups run as follows: Extreme Right, Royalists; Right, Republican Federation; Center Right, Democratic and Social Republicans; Radicals; Radical Socialists; Republican Socialists; Independent Socialists; Unified Socialists; Extreme Left, Communists.

Naturally, these parties overlap considerably, but to think that they have no definite points of debate is not to understand the French mind. The Frenchman is an ardent individualist, and likes to be different from his fellows. The wonder is that there are only nine parties! That they are considered also to have wide divergences of opinion is demonstrated by the huge number of newspapers in Paris, each of which has its politics, waiting for the wary and the unwary alike at the Porte Maillot. There is, to begin again at the Extreme Right, "L'Action Française," the lively, satirical organ of the royalists, headed by Léon Daudet, writer and son of Alphonse Daudet, and by Charles Maurras. Swinging across to the opposite side, is the paper of the Extreme Left, the Communist organ "L'Humanité," lurid with full-page, shrieking cartoons. In between these, we have the conserva-

tive sheet "Le Figaro;" the evening paper of the "Center" politicians, which is the very good "L'Intransigeant;" the Socialist journals, "Le Populaire" and the trades-union paper "Le Peuple;" and the organs of the Left Wing, which supported Léon Blum, Herriot, and Painlevé at the last elections, and foremost among which is the "Quotidien." There is the solid evening paper "Le Temps," always for the Government, conservative, and scrupulous; the "Journal des Débats," a little more Center, but very serious; "L'Œuvre," belonging to the Radical Socialists, against the Government, crying out for the dissatisfied masses. And so it goes, each Frenchman buying the paper whose policy pleases him.

Frequently these papers force action upon the Government, whether it be the Government they support or combat. For instance, "Le Matin," always against the Communists, practically forced the Government's hand when Briand would have temporized in the Rakovsky affair. Rakovsky, the Soviet Ambassador in Paris, signed the manifesto calling upon all soldiers to rally to the Red banner in case of war as against national banners. The Foreign Office suggested that he be recalled, and he wasn't. "Le Matin," guided by the alert Stéphane Lauzanne, talked until Briand had to ask that he be recalled. When Rakovsky finally went off one morning, without so much as a good-by, "Le Matin" put its victory in a nice little box on the first page: "*Au revoir, M. Rakovsky. Au plaisir de ne pas vous revoir!*" (So long, M. Rakovsky. Here's to the pleasure of not seeing you again!")

THE habit of placing political posters all about town shows the interest which the Parisian takes in this matter. Wherever a wooden fence can be found surrounding a building in the making or anything of the sort you will find it plastered thick with propaganda, both Communist and conservative. Perhaps on the same wall there will be one calling upon the Workers of the World to take action on some point, while next to it the Centerists have placed one telling about dreadful conditions in Russia due to Soviet tactics. There is one such

board on the Boulevard des Italiens, where thousands out for a pleasure stroll, or movie and café bound, must pass it on a Sunday afternoon. There is invariably a crowd, reading word for word the frequently long dissertations placed there. The average American would give it a glance, discover it was not news of a prize-fight or new picture, and pass on.

Another very interesting point is the interest which French youth takes in this question, and to appreciate this properly one must understand something of the difference between university life in America and university life in France. The University of Paris unites in its several faculties some thirty thousand students today, and one might reasonably expect a tremendous amount of extra-curricula activity. This is not the case, however. I have said that for the Frenchman sports as a pastime for every one do not yet exist. I once asked a Frenchman what he thought of American bankers and lawyers who went off in the afternoon to play golf, and he shrugged his shoulders and replied, "We simply wonder when they work."

Just as the older man has no sport life, so it is very rare with the young men and women. There is practically no athletic association at the University of Paris—no football team, no basketball team, no running, nothing which entices the mass of students. Indeed, there is no gymnasium within college walls, though the Cité Universitaire will have a large athletic field. The French have so far disregarded that side of life. Neither is there a dramatic association, a debating club, a newspaper or literary organ, or any of the other thousand and one groups in which the American college boy and girl find the joy of their four years. And so, just like their fathers, those boys who in our schools would be full of "college spirit" and the leaders in outside activities here in France are interested in politics. This is where their animal spirits are let loose. They are members of the big Nationalist group, *Jeunesses Patriotes*, or of the royalist clan.

It may be as well to say a word here about this "Action Française" which presents so many unusual features. The only thoroughly well organized group in France, I should say, are the royalists, who make so much noise that an outsider like myself tends to overrate their numbers and importance. Since they are never in power, their allegiance to

their chief cannot be shattered by seeing him make a fool of himself in trying to handle the affairs of state. They exist chiefly to bother the Government—any Government which is in power. There is no more amusing pen in the country than that of Léon Daudet, every one of any political conviction will admit so long as the pen is not turned against him. Just how much political enmity he has aroused was, of course, demonstrated in the case of his son's death. Two years ago young Philip Daudet was



Aristide Briand, France's Foreign Minister

found dead in a taxi. The chauffeur said that he had entered it alive and had committed suicide. The father said he had been murdered, and accused the chauffeur of conspiracy with his political enemies. At the sensational trial the verdict was returned for suicide. Then the chauffeur sued Daudet for libel, and the father was fined and sentenced to a suspended prison term for saying that his son had been murdered! Although all decently minded persons and practically every newspaper cried out against it, the conviction went through, and last year found Daudet barricaded in the office of his newspaper, while thousands of his youthful adherents patrolled the streets to prevent his being taken to prison to begin the term. Finally, one morning at five o'clock the Chief of Police arrived, with literally hundreds of police, and called upon Daudet from the street to surrender himself and save more bloodshed, which, after a little speech, he did.

It is perhaps because they do get so many theatrical effects out of their politics that the French love them so.

When one lives in the constant suspense which accompanies frequent bloodless Cabinet revolutions, for example, it is hard to grow disinterested. The Daudet affair did not stop there, to the pleasure of the public, for the chief act in the tragi-comedy had not been played. It became apparent that public opinion was so strongly against the Government action in imprisoning the royalist leader that he would shortly be pardoned, but his young friends would not wait for so prosaic an event. One noontime they occupied all the telephone booths in the Ministry of the Interior, while one of their number telephoned to the director of the prison telling him to free Daudet quickly and quietly, so as to avoid any scene. The director had been expecting such an order, but to make sure he telephoned back. The only free phone was that where the conspirator was placed, so the prison chief talked to the same person, who reaffirmed the order. With tears of joy in his eyes, Léon Daudet learned that he was free and that a car was waiting for him. And when he had been driven away he found he had been liberated by a trick, and was whisked away into hiding, from which he only emerged after crossing the Belgian border. You can have no idea of the delighted enthusiasm with which the French populace followed the acts in this drama which was played at the expense of the authorities. Now Daudet continues to write for his paper and addresses his assembled adherents by radio!

It is easy to see, therefore, why youth, which ever loves a thrill, swells the ranks of the "Action Française" to battle with the legions of the *Jeunesses Patriotes*, even though as, a matter of course, they would not know what to do with a king if they had one. I know, since the young folks of all classes of society are attracted to this spirited organization, a young man who delivers papers who is also a *Camelot du Roi*, as they are called. He wears dirty linen and seldom washes his hands, but he wears a broad-brimmed black hat and carries a stick with an air. Perhaps he is carrying over some ideas from his evening job as waiter and *chanteur* in an old cabaret, where he dresses in doublet and hose and sings songs of the forgotten centuries. He probably thinks all life would be one sweet old song.

Is there any college in the United States where the student elections are based on the question of whether the

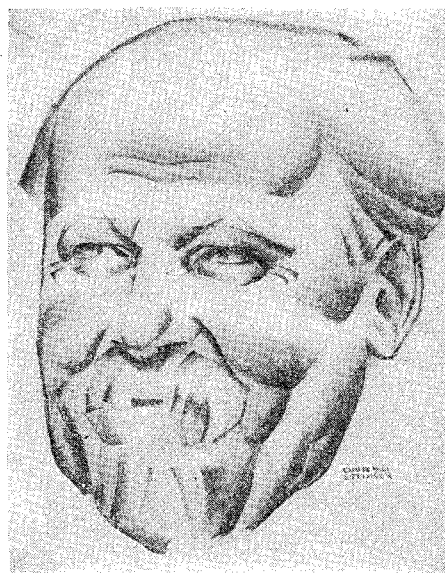
candidates are Republicans or Democrats? Yet all elections at the Sorbonne depend upon that question rather than upon, "Shall there be an honor system?" or "Shall the students own and operate motor cars?" And again, like their parents, the students are convinced that all their ills come from the Government. I have seen hundreds of students waiting for the results of the bachelors' examinations crowding the streets about the Sorbonne and shouting wildly, while police reserves were called out. And because the posting of the results was an hour or two late they were shouting, not, "Where is the Dean?" or "Send out the professors!" No, indeed. They were shouting: "*A bas Herriot! A bas Herriot!*" ("Down with Herriot!"—the Minister of Public Instruction.)

Despite all this show of interest, one is surprised to find that the Frenchman votes very seldom and has comparatively little authority as a citizen. Elections are not a yearly occurrence, as with us, when there is always some one to vote for. They come every four years, and all the important officials are appointive rather than elective, or are elected indirectly instead of by the people. As briefly as I can make it, here is the outline of the voting powers: The country is divided into departments, corresponding roughly to our States, and the departments are subdivided into *arrondissements*, corresponding to our counties. Then there are the cities, or communes. The voter elects the municipal councilors, the *arrondissement* councilors, the general councilors (department), and the Deputies, or members of the lower house of Parliament.

The commune is governed by a mayor elected by the municipal council. The *arrondissement* is governed by a sub-prefect, and the department by a prefect, both appointed by the Minister of the Interior. The country is governed by the Chamber of Deputies, elected by the people; by the Senate, elected by the general and *arrondissement* councilors and by the Deputies; by a President, elected by the Parliament; and by a Cabinet, appointed by the President on parliamentary majority indications. Since Parliament, disputing with the Ministers, can cause their being changed, since a change of Ministers can cause a change of prefects and sub-prefects, and so on all down the line, it is quickly seen that there are few civil officers who are responsible to the people. It is even possible, for that matter, to remove a President, as was done in the startling

Millerand case, which, although to all evidence unconstitutional, put a regularly elected President out of office. Not the least of the surprises is that he soon after presented himself as a candidate for the Senate in his home department and was elected.

The people have never had a direct chance to express themselves in regard to the Poincaré Government, which has admittedly pulled the country on to safe shores during these past two years. Poincaré is one of the few Frenchmen



Premier Poincaré

who have no politics. He presents himself as a candidate, not as a party candidate, and he governs France in the same way. He says he has no time for politics! Whether the French learned their lesson from two years ago—that fateful summer when their politicians played with the security of the country, each trying to get the power into his own hands instead of trying to stabilize the Government—remains to be seen. Although the foolish things done constantly by the mass of voters makes one question daily the wisdom of the democratic ideal, perhaps it would be better if the French elected more of their officials directly, and so had them in hand; for certain it is that with all his passion for the question of government, the French citizen has very little to say about how it shall be conducted, and the score of important men of the various parties can too easily jeopardize the country's security for their personal ends. There is a great mass of eligible French who never exercise their voting privilege, and it is largely because of this defect in their electoral system which causes them to

feel that their votes are wasted and ineffective.

It would be hardly fair to conclude such a discussion without a word concerning the attitude of the Frenchwoman. Admittedly, France is the last country in Europe to consider woman's rights. I quote from an article in "*Le Temps*:" "We are, as far as concerns the legal status of women, the most backward people in Europe. The French woman is always a minor; she battles, without great hope so far, for the vote and eligibility; she cannot dispose of her goods without the consent of her husband, nor get a passport without authorization; her children do not belong to her, and she cannot, alone, assure them a regular situation. In short, one wonders at her patience in still supporting such subjection, and the indifference with which feminist propaganda is thrown at us. In truth, the French women hardly interest themselves in their rights, and scorn the question of their legality."

These words of M. Gaston Rageot sum up fairly well the present situation. There is a feminist organization that has accomplished much, with no resort to militaristic methods, but perhaps that has been facilitated by the fact that they are arguing for what has already been accomplished in other countries. As in other twentieth-century innovations, the French are slowly following in the wake of modern women's rights. M. Poincaré has declared himself frankly for the vote for women, but the men are much frightened by the idea that they may soon have women councilors seated side by side with them, and one Deputy has suggested that the women should elect a municipal council of the same size as the men's and do all their discussion therein—the only difficulty being that their decisions are to be considered if the gentlemen choose!

As a matter of fact, the average Frenchwoman takes the attitude that has made the French *salon* famous. She is interested and intelligent in political matters, and she understands perfectly that by exercising her charms she can control politics all she wishes without the trouble of going to the polls. She rebels against her subjection in financial matters, for example, but otherwise she is little disturbed.

Politics will undoubtedly remain as they are in France for a long while to come—the sport substitute of the men and boys, and the plaything of the chosen few.

Afield and Afloat

THIS month of June on the Thames and the Hudson will be unusually trying for the college rowing coaches and for the oarsmen themselves, because of the double objective—the four-mile race and the short-distance try-out for the Olympic selection to be held on the Schuylkill course the first week in July. Massachusetts “Tech,” having finished competitive rowing for the season, is out of the picture; but, in spite of the results of the early season, in which, for instance, Princeton was a severe disappointment, there is hardly one of the college Varsity eights that will admit the certainty of a closed door to the Amsterdam adventure. The reason for this is the fairly even spread of remarkable rowing material and the reasonably standardized methods employed in stroke and rigging.

Yet there are certain eights that swing into this June stretch richer than others in possibilities and prospects. First comes Harvard, one of the heaviest and most powerful combinations that ever sat a race boat. The Crimson already has shown a terrific racing punch at the short distance, and will be favored for the four-mile affair, both because of that punch and the plainly evident power and experience. It is a precedent-breaking organization in many ways, and I say organization advisedly, for, despite the remarkable precision of effort, Harvard’s

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

Varsity is not to be considered as a mere machine. It has proved, too, that men above 190 pounds can “pull their weight” and more, when properly boated. It has proved that it can take some of the pulling burden off Jack Watts at stroke so that he can concentrate on racing generalship without worrying about the “pile in front of the oar,” and it has been enriched by a string of victories as a “front-racing” crew, which is an inestimable advantage in the two-crew contest or contests to come. Further, it is in the hands of Ed Brown, a coach who has shown the rare ability to conserve that cherished individualistic tendency of all Harvard athletes, and at the same time produce a *team*. That is indeed a remarkable achievement. No doubt the Crimson coach will lengthen the stroke somewhat for the long pull without letting go of any of the spurting ability in the high thirties so extremely necessary this season. Certainly there is nothing left to be desired.

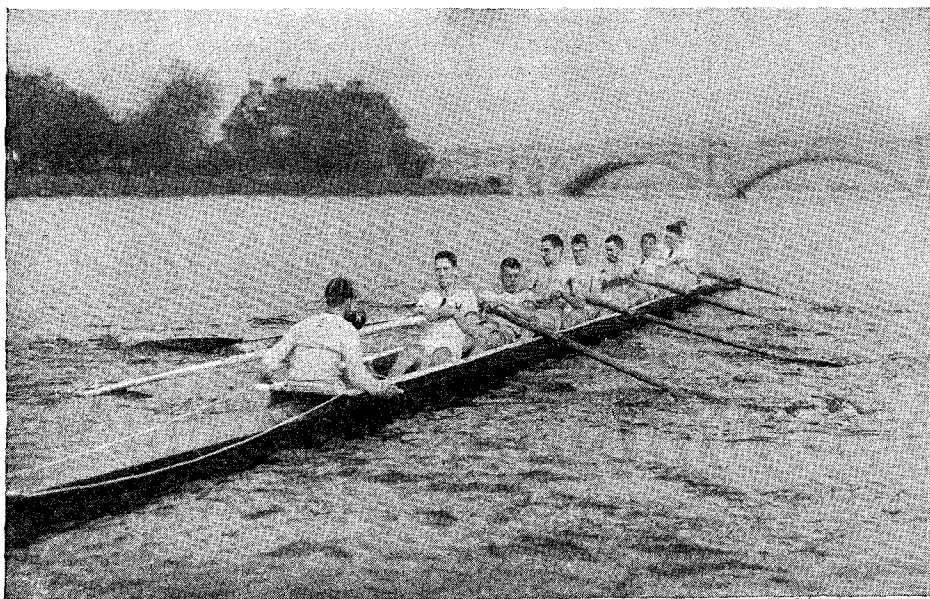
Next—Yale. Here is another unbeaten eight with a rather different history and background, but undoubtedly a smashing good one in the making. Ed Leader fooled some of the experts not too familiar with his methods in the very first race. The New Haven coach con-

tinued experimenting up to almost the last moment before the first public appearance of his crew. That always means that he knows he has something and will risk a lot of changes in order to put together as nearly perfect a combination as possible. It was a boat-load of blasé veterans that was beaten last year. It does not mean that he is in desperate mood. When his winning march was halted last year, it did not mean that he had a poor crew. He has never had such a thing since he took hold at Yale. And I think it will be found that he has something exceptional in hand this year.

The choice of Tappen at stroke turned out to be a happy one. Leader and his chief aide, Murphy, have a happy faculty of bringing out these last-minute wonders. The average follower of Yale eights is not prepared for their sudden advent because he has not been out with the coach day after day. If he had been, he would have learned that these marvels had simply been cases of promising men who had the happy faculty of “taking coaching” and of suddenly realizing on it almost overnight. That is one of the secrets of Leader’s success. I have no doubt that there is to be a great four-mile race at New London. There will be more to say about it on the eve of the event.

Let us turn now to the Hudson. Unless something unforeseen turns up in the meantime, there is not much doubt that young Dick Glendon’s Varsity, experienced and well together behind the stroking of Eric Lambart, will be widely favored when it goes to the mark. Illnesses and other mishaps delayed the crew in striking its real gait, but once the Childs Cup was impressively won the crew began to show something of the qualities that made it famous a year ago. It is a big, strong, well-paced, fast crew, and should be quite as good as a year ago. Because of the considerable “lay-back” with plenty of shoulder on the sweeps at the finish of the stroke, it looks more like an English university crew than any of its American contemporaries. What it needs now is mostly mileage, which should be forthcoming in the period of preparation at Poughkeepsie if the weather is at all favorable.

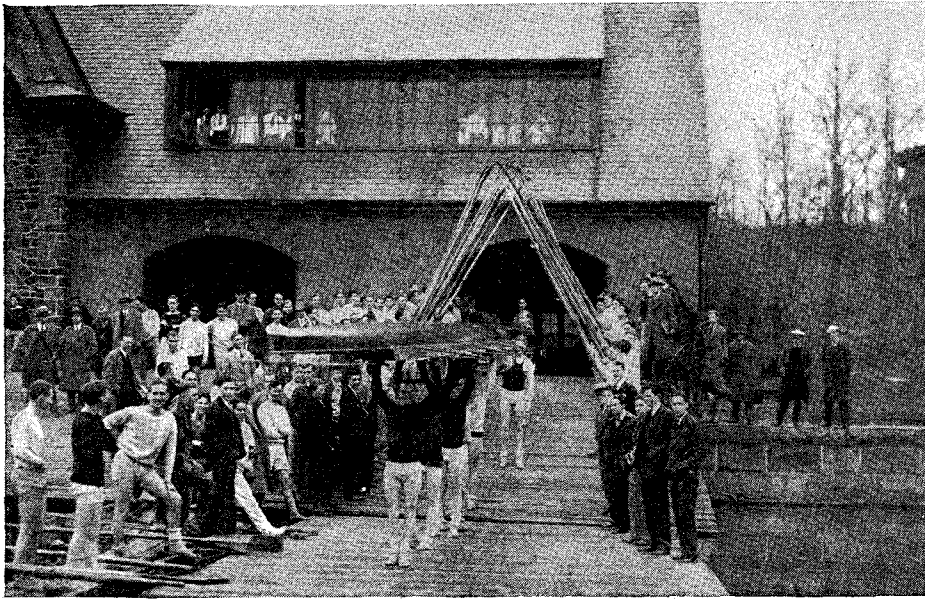
At the beginning of the season it was expected that the elder Glendon would



White World

THE HARVARD VARSITY EIGHT

One of the heaviest and most powerful combinations that ever sat a race boat



Wide World

Launching the new Pennsylvania shell, the gift of one of the trustees of the University

restore the prestige of victory to Annapolis. But there had been a hiatus in his coaching there, and there were various mishaps that made the revival even more difficult, so that at this writing the make-up of the first Varsity is unsettled. Without disparaging the work of young Butler from Washington, who was in charge a year ago, last year's eight had a hybrid style—something left over from Glendon, and something from the Washington school grafted on. It was therefore disappointing, although the loss of a veteran No. 7 at the last moment undoubtedly upset the machinery considerably. So the veteran coach has something of a task on his hands. If he manages to shake his boat-load down to his own famous style, then it will be very much in the hunt over the Poughkeepsie-Highland course, but not otherwise. There is a chance—that seems to be the situation just now.

California and Washington, the latter with stowed-away mileage of rowing on lake water, look like prospects for the first division at Poughkeepsie, just as they were a year ago. California beat Washington under the new coach, Ulbricksen, on home waters, and that was an impressive achievement for young Ky Ebright, the coach and former Washington coxswain. Ebright now has his system working extremely well. The best of material also is available. And I am inclined to think that Ebright is in position to offer his men a chance at the Olympic try-out, win or lose at Poughkeepsie. If that is so, he has golden bait for the Golden Bears. From what I have seen of his crews, Ebright has kept the stroke as close to the old Washington standards in the matter of detail as any

of the group that took up outside coaching after their successes at Seattle. In his case this should be an asset. If certain of the others have seen fit to make alterations from time to time, there have been sound reasons for them bound up with experiences and contacts that have not yet fallen to the lot of the young man at California. I think he and his men will be important factors in the East this season, even if they do not reach Amsterdam.

Washington as usual has excellent material, but has lost Russell Callow from the coaching launch, which may make a difference. And, incidentally, Callow has taken on at the University of Pennsylvania, probably the hardest coaching job in the East. It is still too early to

tell much about his prospects at Poughkeepsie. Pennsylvania fared none too well in the early races, which may mean much or nothing. It can at least be said that his Varsity showed steady improvement. Comment on other crews and the American Henley must be reserved for another issue.

ONE of the great runners of all time has captured the Long Beach Marathon and will undoubtedly head the selection for the American team that will travel the long route at the Olympics. For years Joie Ray was our greatest miler, and equally our most insufferable athletic personality. But the genius that changed almost overnight from a miler that seemed to have run his course to a sensational Marathon trial winner has also changed overnight to a superb egoist. A great racing head and a great racing heart have put him beyond all criticism. Should Joie come out tomorrow with the statement that he was the reincarnation of Pheidippides, there probably would be none to dispute him. If, which is more likely, he should inquire, "Who was this guy Pheidippides, anyhow?" the athletic world stands ready to assure him that he was no Joie Ray, no matter what else he might have been. In the course of chaffing, however, it might be wise to consider the wonder of the man's style. For myself, I prefer to think of him as a reincarnation of Willie Day. Only the very old-timers will remember this famous little star who covered the ground like a blown soap-bubble. To compare Joie's style with Day's is the greatest praise of which I am capable.



Underwood & Underwood

THE LONG BEACH MARATHON

Joie Ray is No. 3; Clarence De Mar, the New England runner, is No. 1

“Battles Long Ago”

By BERT ROLLER

NINE years ago, out somewhere on the Woivre Plains, ankle-deep in frozen mud, we lifted our heads to a twilight world where war was no more. I remember so little of that—nothing, in fact, of the romantic thrill which our fictionists have given to such hours. I was tired, and my wounded leg began to ache abominably. Soon a road kitchen supplied us with beefsteak and strong coffee, and the sun, hidden it seems throughout the war, shone for a few hours with ghostly dimness.

I do remember saying to myself, desperately, as we sloughed back from the front a few days later, that never, never, so long as I lived, never would I participate in any patriotic meetings, never would I say one word that would carry on the dreadful romanticism of war. To one who had seen how mangled children looked a few hours after the demolition of their home, had suddenly come on the body of a dead German boy with tears still on his waxy face and hands clasped as if in prayer, war was a thing to be forgotten. My fretful nerves found some release in the decision.

During the first years after the war I kept my resolution. I refused to join the American Legion, because I anticipated a constant revival of things best never mentioned. In my college, when called on to assist the program maker on Armistice Day, I evaded the job with brusque sarcasm. I refused applause when the orchestras played the war songs. I kept silent when my friends tried to make me talk.

There was no glory in war; we had been trapped and made, because of our youth and innocence, a wasted generation. The knowledge that every great war had created such a generation was only added bitterness. Only one thing was clear—the duty of the returned soldier was that of making thorough the disillusionment.

So I read only the realistic war literature for my inspiration. I scoffed openly at the pretty stuff that inevitably crept into the magazines—syrupy melodrama and “religious” essays written by sentimentalists who had never experienced the sight of the decaying body of a dead soldier or the divine torture of cooties by the hundreds. When our most famous revivalist toured the coun-

try with his most mushy sermon on the “praying soldier, fighting for God and country,” I felt the limit had been reached.

The most gruesome of the Sassoon poems I read joyously. Here, I said, is a portrayal of real war, naked and grotesque as I myself had seen it. I prepared a lecture in which I hoped to show that all war poetry up to 1914, with the exception of that of Whitman, had been given us by men who had never heard a cannon shot; that the poets had been in league, unconsciously, with the fiction writers to prettify the most horrible tragedy of life. I predicted that Rupert Brooke would very soon have forgotten his fine idealism and have given us verse as bitter as that of Nichols and Sassoon had he actually seen war as a fighter. I followed the career of Laurence Stallings with interest, from “Plumes” to “The Big Parade.”

Suddenly I realized with appalling clearness that he had exposed for us, in these few brief years, the swift changes that time makes in all of us who were participants in war. From the flaming, denunciatory “Plumes” he had mellowed into the rich splendor of the romantic “Big Parade.” He had forgotten!

Then I began to know why the old Confederate veterans would never tell us the facts given by the honest historian—how the soldiers lived for weeks on small supplies of parched corn, of crime following in the footsteps of armies, of the suffering and cold and despair—but instead recalled only General Lee stopping to place his coat over a sleeping soldier, of a few moonlight nights on battlefields, of silly but tragic mistakes made by comrades. I knew too why they met, year after year, with such gusto of feeling, while we came together and parted hastily, inarticulately. Time had eased their pain. For them all life was dim except that one experience. Love, marriage, parenthood, work, and sin were but vague figures on a tapestry crowded with war experiences, all romanticized.

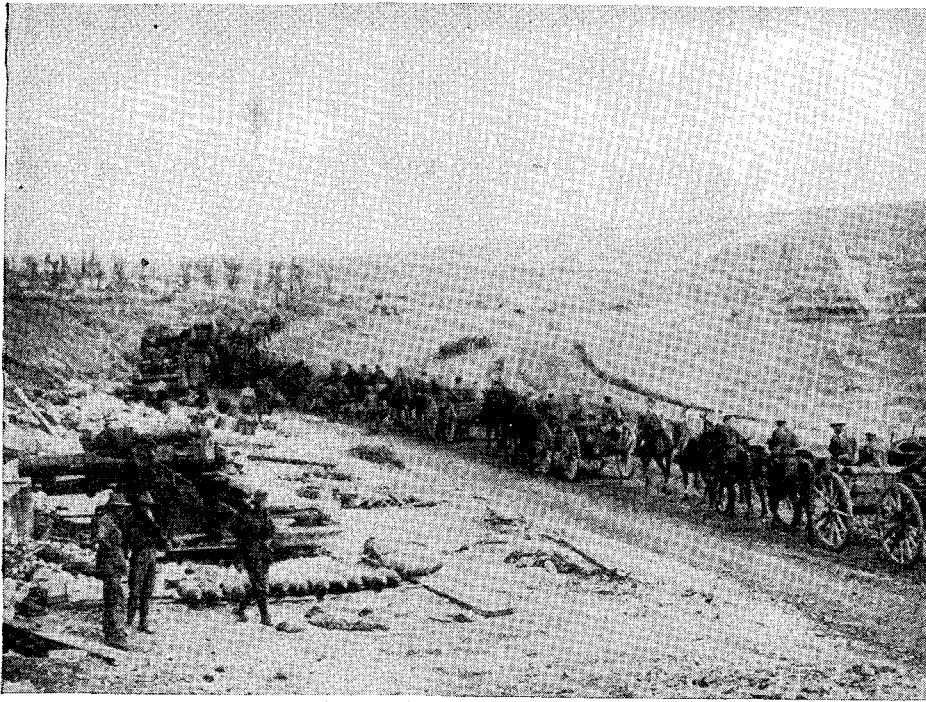
DURING the first year after my return from the front I dreamed often of the war. Night after night I was wandering through Paris. Every face I saw

was the same—the face of the German boy whom I had seen dead on the side of the road, a boy who looked no older than an American high school freshman. Once in my dreams I entered a café. I noticed that all the occupants looked alike, that the faces were boyish and on each were tears. Each stared ahead, as if waiting for some one.

Now always, I believe, I have the same dream of the war. We have mobilized again. We are marching away. And I am dreadfully unhappy. I don’t want to go. I can’t see why I volunteered again. There is no music, no shouting, none of the rollicking cheer of the real experience, but instead the solemn and almost silent ring of soldiers’ feet, belonging to men who know exactly what is coming. All that to be lived through again, I keep thinking—the cooties, the torture of wet clothes almost frozen on one’s body, the hunger, the sickening smell of German dugouts when one is half starving, the detested ill-fitting uniform.

But in my waking hours it is all different now. A crisp, bright day, the muffled sound of an airplane against a faultless sky, a bit of the “Madelon,” and I am away, wandering back to the glory of it all—back to the jolly nights when, in a deep dugout, we danced to the music of a jew’s-harp; back to Paris when autumn had touched the chestnuts with its first color; to the French-fried potatoes given us by sweet-voiced peasant women; to the first night at the front, when we waited thrillingly and solemnly for the order to fire; to the time when I crept, snakelike, out of the trench to gather some plums left on the ground from a full-bearing tree.

I want to make extravagant promises to myself. Some day I’ll go back and tramp and tramp until I’m exhausted, then receive the kindly welcome of a peasant family. I’ll taste again those potatoes, eaten without bread. I’ll see little Gustavus and his sister Marie and listen again to their morning greetings. Once more I’ll hike through Luxemburg in a snow-storm and be enthralled by the sight of “Il Trovatore” castles jutting the hillsides and pretty girls dressed in “Student Prince” costumes watching us from their street windows. When this happens, I feel dead to all the interests of my every-day life. I am no longer a



(C) Underwood & Underwood

**"A rough road to travel
And a long way from home."**

teacher, a parent, a friend, but a soldier obsessed with memories. Then I like to exaggerate and say that I and all my companions of war are as Browning's Lazarus, stupefied against the humdrum affairs of this world because of that vision of another place.

Once, when I felt that my battle was surely being lost, I broke my silence. I had been asked to talk on Armistice Day to the junior high school boys where I was doing experimental teaching. I carefully planned my talk before going on the platform. Not one boy, when I was through with him, would leave the auditorium with thoughts of war glory. Instead, they would see war as only a thing of mud, of filth, loneliness, and tortuous existence. Yet when the first boyish question came to me all my plans were forgotten. I told them of the night at sea when we first realized that we were in the submarine zone, of the exhilarating St. Mihiel drive, of a night in Toul when we forgot war and held carnival, of the swift race at the end when we tried to keep just behind the retreating Germans, of a companion who rushed into every vacant dugout possible and how once, while searching for souvenirs, he looked up and met the eyes of a dead German, half hanging from an upper bunk, looking at him. Even the very words of war came to me as sweet music—"bunk," "sector," "St. Mihiel," and "retreating enemy."

I knew then that I need not struggle more; that as the war recedes and be-

comes more and more a thing of the past, of "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago," the harsh realism of the experience will be lost; that soon only the glory of it will remain even for us. Last week I read again "Plumes," which I had admired so much when it first came to us. Now, although I know its truth, it seems but a dreary book, a thing almost of bad taste. At times now I even resent the over-realism of "What Price Glory?" The movies' recent efforts to burlesque the entire affair gives me no unhappiness. Once I would have been stirred to bitterness.

YET when a few days ago word came to me that the "ole Batt'ry" was being reorganized again and that I was urged to be present, I refused. I knew only too well that I would have to listen again to more of the captain's bull and the colonel's pompous lust for patriotic utterances. But I wanted to go. I wanted just one more time to hear the soldier's favorite epithet for every man hurled at one without any thought of the smile which, in my innocent days before the army experience, I had always thought must accompany it. I wanted my share of the memories.

No, I wouldn't go. That orgy of reminiscences would be too much. Some sentimental fool would be sure to begin talking of "our comrades, left on Flanders' fields." Then another, the colonel surely, or some preacher who had forgotten our glorious heathenism, would

start on "breaking the Hindenburg Line in real life, just as we had done over there."

All the day I was restless and bitter. It was a day just like that one on which we entered St. Mihiel. (Strange that I remember nothing of that day except the sight of an old woman squatting in the mud, weeping silently.) I, who had had my body covered with lice and mud, had seen soldiers shoot craps up to the last hour of life, had known how degrading unrestrained lust can become, was forced to prepare a lecture on the "Æsthetics of Poetry."

The morning after the reunion I wandered over to the drug-store. There I met my old sergeant, who told me all about it. He told me how the food had been served in mess kits, how the old jokes had been revived and only army nicknames used for the roll-call, and how, by God, the "ole Batt'ry" was the best fighting organization in that land of frogs. How, too, at the end, "Old Kentucky," a skinny beardless boy from the mountains, possessing a high, treble voice, had sung once more for them the mountaineer song with which many a village and road of France must still ring—a song of disappointed love given in wailing lines, ending with the lines:

**A rough road to travel
And a long way from home.**

That night, for the first time in nine years, I donned again my army uniform—helmet, gas mask, and all. I showed my children how we saluted, how the mask was placed over the face, how we marched. Their interest made me happy; happier than I had been for years, as if some wearing burden had been dropped.

Later I lay awake for hours, thinking. If I could have just one more night of it! One more night of it, and I'd be happy forever! If I could have again that cold dawn when I joined for a few hours a Rainbow infantry bunch and ate with them the canned blackberries which they had stolen from the Red Cross. Or one more night of rapid firing. Any one night, I didn't care which.

I might as well face it. I'm becoming all "old soldier." Soon, when the chance comes, I too will do my perfect bit toward helping another generation of youngsters join the glorious adventure. If I reach old age, I'll probably be like an old Confederate friend of my father's, an aged man from his thirty-fifth birthday, who wanted only three things—a chair, the sunshine, and his "blessed memories."

Handel at Northampton

By EUGENE BONNER

A PERFORMANCE of an opera by Handel nowadays is not such a common occurrence that it would be apt to pass unnoticed, but when that composer's "Xerxes" (Serse) is given with a dramatic work of the great Monteverdi thrown in for good measure, musicians and music lovers most decidedly feel it incumbent upon themselves to sit up and take notice.

Having made a success last year with the production of the Handel "Julius Caesar," Professor Werner Josten and his co-workers in the musical department of Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts, decided to try the delightful old *opera buffa* "Xerxes" this season, and, as the leading feminine rôle calls for a singer of experience, Miss Mabel Garrison, well known to Metropolitan Opera House audiences, was engaged for the part of Romilda.

While the rest of the cast was drawn mostly from the amateur ranks, no allowance on that account had to be made for the quality of the performance, which equaled in smoothness and the general high standard of the singing and acting many performances we have seen done by dyed-in-the-wool professionals here and elsewhere.

The little Monteverdi work, "Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda," which preceded the Handel opera, is of unusual interest for many reasons. First, Claudio Monteverdi (1587-1643) is more or less considered the founder of modern opera, his use for the first time of the string tremolo in this opera establishing an entirely new convention which is even now one of the most effective devices of dramatic music.

The story is taken from Tasso's great poem "Jerusalem Delivered" and deals with that part of the story of Tancred and Clorinda where, after many adventures, Clorinda, the pagan warrior maiden beloved of Tancred, the Christian knight, finally meets the latter in mortal combat and, being disguised as a man and unrecognized by Tancred, is given her death blow by him. Revealing her identity, she asks him to baptize her, which, stricken with grief, he does, just before she expires in his arms.

As given the other evening the story was sung by a "Narrator" from a kind of pulpit at one side of the stage, being assisted by two other singers, who sang the few phrases allotted to Tancred and

Clorinda, who were played in dumb-show, in the manner of marionettes.

The Narrator's part was taken by a woman, Marie Milliette, who sang with style and distinction, revealing a voice of lovely quality. George Meyer, Jr., and Ursula Toomey sang Tancred's and Clorinda's parts, while Samuel Eliot, Jr., and Edith Burnett did the rôles of these characters in the pantomime. The "puppet charger" on which Tancred rode was a thing of joy, and Mr. Eliot and Miss Burnett put on one of the best duels seen by us anywhere.

The piece, short as it is, reveals unmistakably the genius of the great Italian. The simplicity of the harmonic structure, the effectiveness of the rhythms combined with the beauty of the vocal parts, make this little cantata-opera a gem among music dramas. Especially beautiful is the Invocation to the night, which opens the work, and the really touching lament of the dying Clorinda.

In "Xerxes" we have one of the later operas of Handel, a work written about 1738, just preceding the composition of his great oratorios.

The version used by Professor Josten is an English translation of that of Dr. Oskar Hagen, of the University of Wisconsin. This version was the one used in the Göttingen revival of the work in 1924. Much is cut, and some of the many characters disappear, which is just as well, the story being sufficiently complicated as it is. The English translation was made by Bayard Quincy Morgan, also of the University of Wisconsin.

To many whose knowledge of the music of "Xerxes" is limited to the famous "Largo" it comes as a pleasant surprise to find that this opera, far from being the majestic, solemn affair conjured up by this well-known excerpt, is an amusing, rollicking farce-comedy with a few more or less serious moments. Also the "Largo," instead of being used as an accompaniment for some high and serious occasion, as many would imagine, is sung by the somewhat flighty monarch as he lies in the shade of a large tree in his garden musing upon Romilda, whom he wishes to wed, and the unsuccessful

pursuit of whom constitutes the rather harum-scarum proceedings in which all these high-flown gentry manage to involve themselves.

The plot briefly is as follows: Xerxes, a young Oriental king, although already betrothed to a royal lady, is deeply enamored of Romilda, the daughter of his general, Ariolite. Romilda, however, loves Arsamena, the brother of Xerxes, and is loved by him. Xerxes, discovering this, banishes his brother.

Amastris, the betrothed of Xerxes, now takes a hand and, disguising herself as a warrior, with the somewhat doubtful help of Arsamena's bibulous man servant Elviro, manages, after complications too numerous to recount, to regain the fickle monarch for herself, Romilda is united to Arsamena, and all ends in a "hymn of joy and praise of love."

Mabel Garrison, imported for this occasion, sang the part of the long-suffering Romilda. Music of this character is none too easy to sing, and Miss Garrison's beautiful quality of voice and her splendid training stood her in good stead. Charles Kullman, who sang the title rôle, was the only other professional in the cast, which was composed entirely of the members of the Faculty and student body of Smith College, with the addition of neighborhood talent. Mr. Kullman acquitted himself most creditably, both singing and acting with taste and discretion.

Walter Marsh was very amusing in the rôle of Elviro, who scorned not the cup that cheers, and his entreaty, "If I must die of moisture, let it be some other thing than water," brought a most sympathetic response from his hearers. Ruth Ekberg did fine work as Amastris, and George Meyer, Jr., was quite equal to the rôle of Arsamena, while the minor characters were efficiently and skillfully attended to.

The honors of the occasion, of course, went to Professor Werner Josten, who, in addition to organizing and successfully putting through such a venture, conducted the little orchestra brilliantly, extracting from it a richness and fullness of tone that were amazing. He was ably assisted by Irene Jacobi, who played the harpsichord—no small task in works of this period.

Altogether, Smith College and the town of Northampton may well be proud of this, their latest accomplishment.

More Drawing-Room Drama

ALL those who like urbane drawing-room drama, wherein reality is discreetly kept beneath the surface, will be delighted to hear that there is a pale but pleasant newcomer to the ranks. Particularly will those be pleased who want their cynicism well diluted, and are unable to stand the bitter wit of such plays as Somerset Maugham's "Our Betters." For "The Happy Husband" is precisely the sort of thing which A. E. Matthews was born to play and Billie Burke made to adorn. And it has come to town for a run. It is ironically named, for the happy husband in it is anything but happy. He is a poor jealous fool with an attractive wife. And most of the drama is built upon his absurd suspicions, none of which are well founded, and all of which would be perfectly harmless if it did not just happen that other people's wives were not quite so spotless and careful as his.

In the particular instance with which the play deals, an unexpected burglar happens to arouse a house party in the dead of night, and the resultant disclosures promise to be very embarrassing for one of the ladies and Mr. Matthews, who has chosen not to play bridge with the gentlemen, but to view the downs in the moonlight from a certain bedroom with a southern view. Since Mr. Matthews has the presence of mind to allow this burglar to escape before any one in the house party can question him, all would be well were it not for the jealous dolt. But the dolt's fair wife's handkerchief has been found in the room in question, and he at once pins his suspicion on his wife and the unfortunate Mr. Matthews, with the result that every one's actions are brought into question.

Plausible explanations are offered by all, and every one, scenting trouble, is anxious to forget the entire affair, but the dolt is persistent—owing to the fact that he divorced his first wife with no less than five correspondents. In fact, he is so unpleasant that, rather than see



the lady who is his wife subjected to such ignominy, the real culprit (Billie Burke) confesses; with the rather astounding result that she is complimented by everybody upon being a good sport! Down to the last guest every one is convinced that she is shielding the wife of the dolt; and to her husband the idea that she might be having an affair is the best joke of the year! All of which, on reflection, enrages her a good deal. For she naturally considers her husband's attitude as a reflection upon her feminine attractions, and is angered beyond words by every one's unshakable belief in her purity. Which completely reverses the state of affairs, and nearly ends in the unfortunate Mr. Matthews being obliged to depart for London with her—much against his will. In the end, of course, all is brought right. The too amused husband is finally persuaded to play the part of the jealous, outraged spouse. His wife is delighted, Mr. Matthews released; and the dolt is left free to go on to other and, we suppose, more terrible house parties.

No, it doesn't amount to much, of course. It's frail and flimsy, and hasn't quite the brilliance it ought to have. But it is artistically done, and the tables are deftly turned; unexpected changes are rung, which give the rather ordinary story an unusual tang; so that, all in all, you are gently amused, entertained a good deal, and depart with a fairly tolerant and charitable view of humanity.

Billie Burke? Well, her mannerisms still irritate, and there are moments when she cannot act. But there is no doubt that she has personality and achieves some excellent effects. Perhaps to those who are delighted with her mannerisms she will seem more charming and

moments, and that whenever she and Mr. Matthews hold the stage there is little left to be desired. As the weak, charming, and rather villainous admirer of women he cannot be equaled.

In fact, when "The Happy Husband" comes to town next winter—if you cannot see it in New York—we would say go see it. The maiden aunts may be a little offended—because, after all, the burglar *did* find them in the bedroom!—but gentility is predominant throughout, and the rather excessive highball drinking is always mixed with excellent drawing-room wit. There may even be some middle-aged husbands, whose wives still have their emotional moments, who will pause and think between the acts. And from the ladies' point of view, we suppose, this is never a bad thing.

Incidentally, compared with such things as "The Outsider," it is a triumph of the dramatist's art. If one is out for entertainment, it is to be preferred in about the same degree as lunch with Bernard Shaw compared to tea with Mr. Coolidge. There is just one bright moment in "The Outsider," and that is when one realizes that Isobel Elsom is in it—although even this is tempered by the inevitable sympathy aroused for any lady who is faced with carrying such a show in combination with Lionel Atwill.

It requires one of these so-called comedy dramas to make one realize the amount of genuine understanding of human beings which really hides behind the flimsiness and fluff of an absurdity such as "The Happy Husband." At least the latter play leaves you with the entertaining, if not new, query: Which does every woman prefer, in her heart, to be thought: good or attractive?

FRANCIS R. BELLAMY.

effective than ever. As for us, our memories of drawing-room plays of this kind are too full of such performances as Constance Collier's and Ina Claire's to let us wax very enthusiastic. Let us say that Miss Burke is still more than excellent in her small unguarded

Miniatures from the Life

Prison

ONE day last autumn, a prisoner stood in a New York court, awaiting his turn. He was accused of stealing a three-hundred-dollar ring, and whether he was guilty or not he had plenty on his mind while he waited for the attention of the court.

He was a family man. Over in Brooklyn he had a mother, a wife, and a little girl of seven. His family was the heaviest burden on his conscience, even heavier than the disquieting burden of his police record. For only his character was involved in that police record; and affections in this man were much stronger than character.

His first sentence had been for forgery. His second sentence had also been for forgery. His third sentence—for who could deny that almost any other name was more influential than his own?—was for attempted forgery.

The court-room clock moved slowly, but it would soon reach that minute which held, in all probability, the doom of his fourth conviction. He knew well enough that under the Baumes Law a fourth conviction would make him liable to life imprisonment. His mother would not live much longer; his little girl was only seven; his wife had been a good sport—she deserved better than this.

The prisoner's mind was out-ticking the clock, by a considerable distance. He cleared his throat, and spoke a few words to the guard. Humbly and politely, he had begged permission to visit the wash-room. An attendant accompanied him out of the court-room and up the stairs.

On the stairs was a window, a negligible way of escape; the attendant didn't even glance that way. Not even a desperate man would be tempted at such a height from the ground. But perhaps this man was not desperate—he merely wanted to see his family; and before the gasping attendant realized, the prisoner was out of the window.

Every day that prolonged the prisoner's absence sharpened the brains of his pursuers. Somehow the fact of his family affections had leaked out, and his home was watched. Thanksgiving Day came and went; Christmas followed not many weeks after; then New Year's, and the police knew not what family anniversaries after that, but the escaped man was wary. This was the biggest gamble

By IBBY HALL

yet. If he kept away from them now, there might be a chance for him later. How long could he keep away from them?

With the approach of spring, the prisoner's mother was ailing. He had always been fond of his mother. But for once even her illness was not enough to overcome his caution. A while later the police were more hopeful, for the prisoner's mother was dead.

It was a simple business now; they had only to station a detective or so to watch the funeral, and they would have their man. But the son was not present at his mother's funeral; and though his character had never been strong, he was strong enough to stay away from the scene of her grave. The police were depressed. Any man with proper feeling would certainly have attended his mother's funeral. What was to be counted on in human nature, if a man's affection for his mother was so light and fleeting as this? There was only one day to count on now.

Mother's Day came on Sunday. Two weeks after the burial of his mother the delinquent son could look nowhere without finding her name. He was reminded and reproached and cajoled from every shop window in every street. No stand was so small that it did not beseech trade in the name of love. Everybody had once had a mother. Everybody old enough to buy was old enough to spell and read one name.

The prisoner's character, never too strong, began to break. His affections had now become his hell. He could escape from stone fortresses and the iron law. But he could not escape America's favorite institution, Mother's Day.

It was a florist's shop that caught him at last, and justified the policemen's faith in human nature. They arrested their prisoner in triumph that bright Sunday, where they found him laying flowers on his mother's grave.

Vacation

IT was on Friday, and a warm spring evening in New York; an evening smoldering with hints of week-ends to come, with reminders of long roads leading from the crowded city to picnic

woods and country lanes, and careless, happy beaches.

Four young men of the city, in the full dignity of their teens, were taking a melancholy walk through the Maytime streets of Harlem. Miles of city streets stretched to the north behind them; miles of city streets lay in front. Turn to the right or left, and the city pushed right to the edge of its black rivers, leaning over precariously to catch the sound of running water.

"Let's go to Coney," suggested one of the youths abruptly.

Coney Island lay beyond them by some two hours by subway, and it was no night to be underground.

"Swell idea!" came bitterly from the second youth.

"D'juh ever drive it?" asked the third. "Some drive—oh, boy!"

The fourth knew how to drive. There was a likely looking sedan standing unlocked by the curbstone, and with only one swift look around, the four acted as on a single impulse, and stepped inside. There was plenty of gas; they were off for Coney Island.

On the fifth mile they owned the city; they owned the right of way; they owned the traffic lights; they owned the police. They were rapidly gaining on Brooklyn Bridge when the police accepted the challenge. One of them at last overtook the reckless car, and ordered it to the nearest police station.

But the spirit of youth is not so easily quelled. The car was started obediently enough in the general direction it was told to take, when suddenly it swerved, cut down another street, and, despite the shouts and pistol fire behind it, made a last dash for refuge and adventure. Beyond them to the right the desperate young driver caught a glimpse of the hospitable open doorway of a garage. With bullets pinging past his ear, he headed straight for cover. Into the garage they swept.

"For God's sake give us a hand—the cops are after us! Save us from the cops!"

A number of bewildered men—quite a number for so quiet-looking a garage—approached the car, and surrounded it.

"Say," asked one of them, curiously, "where do you think you are? This is a police garage. Now be good boys, and take it quiet."

The Movies

"Tempest"

ALL doubt as to whether John Barrymore is a great screen actor must be dispelled by a visit to his new picture; for in "Tempest" Mr. Barrymore reveals himself to filmgoers for the artist he really is. Without trick make-up or long, wavy locks, he at last appears as a real flesh-and-blood character, and with the event come memories of "The Fortune Hunter" and "The Man from Mexico" to gladden his former fans.

Granted that "Tempest" is not without a flaw or two, its good points are legion. Mr. Barrymore's newly found restraint and validity make themselves felt at the very beginning, and grow finer and firmer as the story develops, until finally a delighted audience is treated to the spectacle of John Barrymore going partially crazy in a movie prison cell—and *not overdoing it*. As we watched him develop the masculine, high-spirited Sergeant Markov from a young soldier to a power in the new Soviet, our defection to his brother Lionel became a thing of the past, and we highly resolved never to miss another John Barrymore picture.

As to Camilla Horn, the Teutonic young lady who is "Tempest's" heroine—she grows on you. At first one thinks her hard, but almost immediately her good looks and talent begin to fascinate, and we, for one, have decided to miss no more Camilla Horn pictures either. Louis Wolheim as Sergeant Bulba hasn't much to do—but he does it to the Czarina's taste. George Fawcett and Ullrich Haupt also give excellent performances.

"Tempest" is a Russian story (as you have gathered), but beyond that we shall tell you nothing. You must see it for yourself. We think you'll admire Sam Taylor's fine direction, the superb photography, and John Barrymore's restoration of himself to the heights which are rightfully his own.

"Steamboat Bill, Jr."

AND now for a further burst of enthusiasm: Buster Keaton has also been absent on a long trip to the doldrums, and *he's back*, too. "Steamboat Bill, Jr." is a genuinely funny picture and Buster furnishes nearly all the fun;

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.



so well has he wrought that recollections of some recent Keaton comedies are happily erased and the mind left free to remember "Go West" and "The Navigator."

Buster Keaton's incredible proficiency as a tumbler is wisely capitalized in "Steamboat Bill, Jr." He makes hilarious use of it in his lone joust with a tornado; but there are also moments when he beats Harry Langdon at Harry's own game, and even challenges the eminent Mr. Chaplin.

Ernest Torrence is co-starred in this picture, and his wrinkling proboscis and baleful eye help a lot; but it's mostly Buster Keaton's own personal show, and we're happy to compliment him on it. To those persons who called it unfunny, or dismissed it with a shrug, we can only say, maybe it was something they'd eaten.

"Ramona"

NO period, we think, in the history of North America is as picturesque as the Spanish occupation of California. "Ramona" mirrors this romantic, leisurely era with fidelity and presents some really beautiful scenery and groupings. Edwin Carewe (who used to be an Indian himself) directed, and on the visual phases of "Ramona" he and his cameraman are to be warmly congratulated.

Dolores del Rio, the star, certainly qualifies for her half-Spanish, half-Indian rôle as far as appearance goes, but we'll admit to lukewarm sentiments concerning her ability. Pictorial as she is, she does too many things with her face—a failing which the part of "Ra-

mona" gives her ample opportunity to indulge. The shiny, smiling Indian of Warner Baxter struck us as being a first-rate piece of work, and Vera Lewis (an old-time Broadway trouser) made a good job of the acidulous Spanish dowager from whose guardianship Ramona takes Indian leave. Roland Drew in the sympathetic part of Felipe was rather terrible.

The scene showing a raid on an Indian village by white marauders deserves special mention, both for its vivid action and for the feeling of shame and horror it must evoke in an Aryan breast. The episode is declared to be authentic, and it's probable that such butchery was no uncommon thing. In any case, the incident provides at least one period in "Ramona" when you sit up and take a real interest in the picture.

As a spectacle "Ramona" is recommended to your notice; you are also cautioned, if you go, to avoid heavy, sweet, or sticky foods for a day or so afterwards. The combination might bring back that old liver trouble.

"Something Always Happens"

AN empty house and a famous sapphire, a stormy night and a Chinese yegg—these are some of the ingredients of the creepy, amusing little picture in which Esther Ralston is now showing. Frank Tuttle wrote the story and directed it, and showed marked ingenuity in both capacities. Just as the female half of Mr. Tuttle's audience begins to scream at the horrifying situations he tastefully injects a comedy touch; no sooner has one decided that it's all a big joke than something of a highly disturbing nature is pulled off.

Miss Ralston is a blonde whose person fairly pleads for male protection, and when she gets herself left all alone in a great dark room, with innumerable horrors surrounding her, it's difficult for any true gentleman to stay in his seat. Neil Hamilton contributes his usual graceful performance to the pleasantly thrilling proceedings and the expert So-jin is cast as the Oriental miscreant who is resolved to get his hooks on that sapphire, cost what it may.

All in all, "Something Always Happens" is a picture not to be taken too seriously—just enjoyed.



By W. R. BROOKS

LITTLE do you reckon of the contempt, ignominy, and insults that we daily undergo in your behalf. It is our duty—and more often than not our pleasure—to visit various stores, salesrooms, and factories to gather the news of new products which we spread before you with such a lavish hand. Most of the people we interview are polite and helpful—and deserve credit for it, even though it is to their advantage, since naturally they want to sell their goods. Yet occasionally we meet a man who has for sale, say, a lion cage. (Yes, there is such a man.) We tell him that we wish to describe his lion cage, that perhaps some reader of this magazine may be looking for just such a lion cage, and may be led through our description to order one. Immediately he becomes suspicious. Will he tell you anything about that lion cage? Not he! Are the bars of steel, you ask; are lions so confined happy? Only over his dead body will you get the answer. You bow yourself out. In vain do you try to comfort yourself with the knowledge that “suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.” Your head, it is true, is bloody but unbowed. Just the same, your feelings are hurt.

Well, the other day some one told us of a number of foods from which various important ingredients were left out. Caffeineless coffee, wheatless bread, citric acid-less lemonade, and so on. We thought you’d like to know about them. So we went to a well-known store—a huge super-delicatessen shop—where such foods would certainly be found in abundance. We sought out the buyer. A hard-boiled gentleman, so hard-boiled that he was practically shell to the core. No good nourishment in him. Of course

we didn’t know that. We made a leg, pulled our forelock, and stated our errand. Could he inform us concerning such things?

Our question was met with a total lack of interest—such a lack of interest as you may see a mud turtle display under cross-questioning. He could not inform us.

We went on, stammering slightly, further to explain. Such things were undoubtedly in the store. Could we find out by going to the various departments? No.

Did he know of such things?

No. Never heard of ’em. Kaffee Hag. Every one knew about Kaffee Hag. Only thing he knew about.

Well, it was evident that the bright light of publicity was not to be allowed to beat upon any of the edibles in this gentleman’s charge. We withdrew, with tremulous politeness. And ever since we have been wondering, Why? Why was he so busily buying things he was ashamed or afraid to talk about? Was he going to eat them all himself? Obviously, he couldn’t. His salary is paid out of the profit from the sales. Did he suspect us of wanting to sample everything? We may have looked hungry—we always feel hungry in that store. But you may believe us, we’re going to be practically starving before we have the courage to enter it again.

Well, we regret having inflicted our sorrows upon you, but we did want you to know what dragons and monsters we challenge in our daily round—and shall continue to challenge, armored only with our native simplicity and a cheery smile.

WE had such a different reception at the next establishment, Lloyd’s,

which sells imported wall-papers. There was a very pleasant and courteous gentleman there, and we learned about paper from him. Particularly were we pleased to learn that scenic papers are coming back into favor—those with good big scenes that cover the whole side of a room. We saw a number, and specially liked a brightly colored old English hunting scene, with hounds and foxes and horsemen in pink coats and fields and cottages and a ruined castle and huntsmen with guns. Such scenes are cheerful to live with.

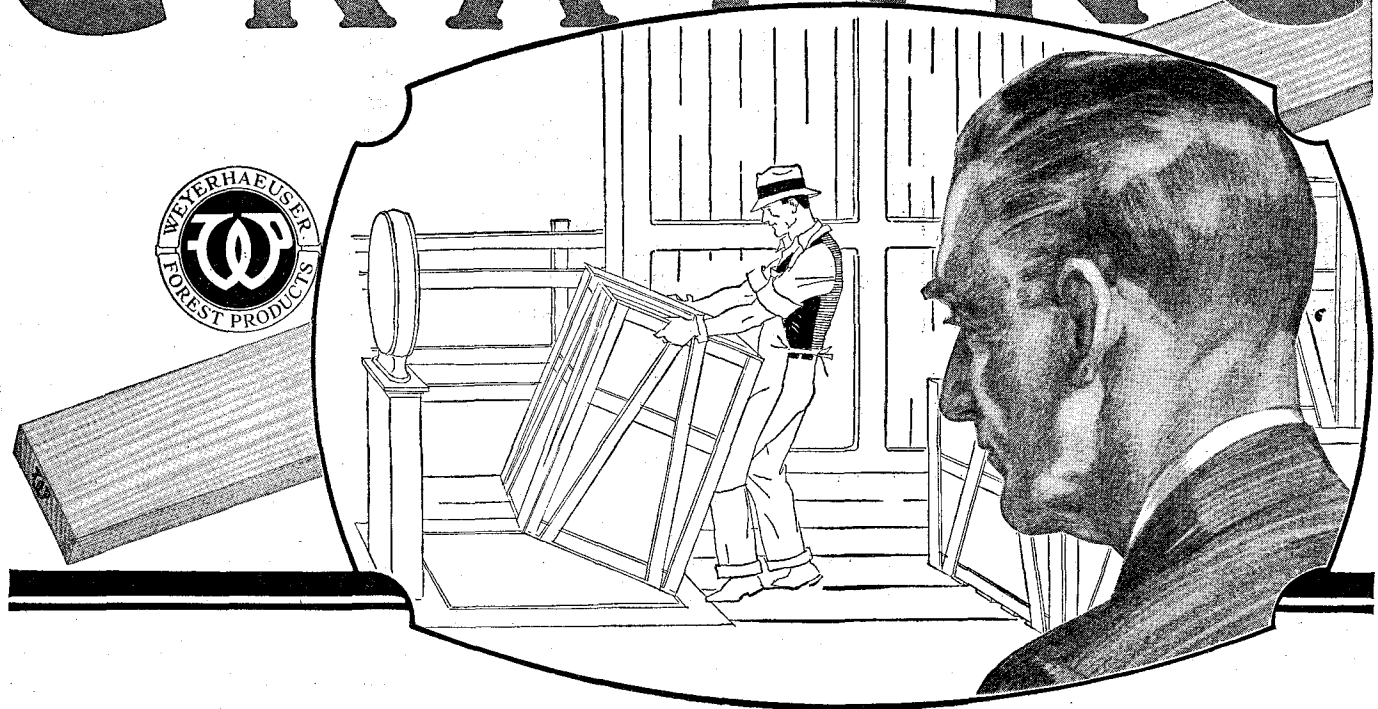
The present vogue for early American has stimulated the reproduction of old colonial papers—block prints of little scenes repeated in one very soft tone. These are also seen in *toile de Jouy* effects.

Generally there is more and more color all the time in wall-papers. Some of the very modern designs, of course, are riotous, but even the flowered papers familiar to our youth are printed now with soft-colored rather than white backgrounds, and the flowers themselves show the modern influence, being less stiff and obtrusive. Very popular are the star papers—gold or silver stars on a colored background. For a children’s room there is a very amusing pattern—the bubble paper—which shows many iridescent bubbles, larger near the floor. Elves are seated astride on some of these bubbles, or the child can cut out the elves with scissors and paste them on the paper wherever he wants them.

This paper is also used a good deal in bathrooms, where it can be glazed after it is put up, so that water won’t hurt it. This glazing, which consists of sizing and then lacquering, is done frequently. A number of very good papers for bathrooms now come already glazed—not only the old familiar tile designs, but various imitations of chintz, with flowers and so on.

IF you have a garden, and you like to sit in it in a comfortable chair and read or smoke or sew or write letters or twiddle your thumbs, and if the garden is some distance from the house, so that it takes several trips to get yourself settled comfortably with all the materials for the above-mentioned activities, we have seen the chaise longue that will just suit you. Made of wicker, cushioned, with two wheels instead of legs under the chair part, and handles extending from the footrest part, so that it’s rather like a wheelbarrow. You just put everything in it and wheel it out. Or get wheeled out in it, if your family loves you well enough.

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Europe Cleans House

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

SEVERAL thousand columns of gratified editorial comment on the results of the French and German elections have been printed here, and they have been well justified. European politics are on a much healthier basis than they were before the two nations went to the polls. Most of the comment, though, has failed to emphasize sufficiently the support that was given directly to sound financial and economic principles or the financial and economic benefits that will result indirectly from the victory of the Locarnists in both countries.

The Outlook has given detailed accounts elsewhere of the numerical changes in the Chambre des Députés and in the Reichstag. Here it is sufficient to recall that the followers of Poincaré won an overwhelming victory over the extremists on both Right and Left and that the liberal parties in Germany gained strength at the expense of the militarists, monarchists, and other die-hards on the Right. The spirit of Locarno triumphed twice.

One of the first and most important results of Poincaré's success will be the stabilization of the franc. The currency has not really fluctuated for nearly a year, but its value has not yet been made official. The stage was set for the return to the gold basis at least six months ago, but Poincaré, for reasons that have never been entirely clear, refused to take the step until he had received a vote of confidence from the electorate. Indeed, if the approval had been less cordial, even though it had been decisive enough to retain him and his Government in power, *de jure* stabilization might have been delayed until well along in the autumn or until even later. As it is, the franc very probably will be on a gold basis again by the first of August, unless something unforeseen should intervene. Wall Street has heard rumors of an indefinite postponement, and some of these have crept into print, but they are unreliable.

De jure stabilization, an assurance that there will be no more fluctuations in the currency, is sure to invigorate French business and industry. There is always a reluctance to make forward commitments in terms of a currency whose value is not fixed. The Bourse, realizing what the effects of the change will be, has been busy recently bulling stock.

Abroad, moreover, the results will be decidedly beneficial. Stabilization means letting down the bars to the export of French capital. Since France was the second largest exporter of capital before the war and is now the third largest potential exporter, it is easy to see that the release of her resources for service in other countries will tend to depress interest rates, now uncomfortably high elsewhere in Europe.

The return to the gold basis must be considered also as a ratification of the tremendous reorganization of French finances that has occurred since Poincaré assumed office two years ago. Forcing an often reluctant Chamber to follow his orders, he increased revenues and cut expenditures until he had reduced the floating debt from forty-nine to thirty-nine billion francs, forced the Treasury's borrowing rate down from 6½ to 4 per cent, and shifted the maturities about so skillfully that only three billions come due per month after the first of the year, instead of eight and a half, as was the case in the summer of 1926. No maturities fall due between now and the end of the year. Some of Poincaré's methods were severe and the deflation has not been a particularly pleasant process. His methods, though, were the right ones, and France and the rest of Europe as well would have suffered if the French voters had repudiated them.

The effects of the elections on German internal finances are less obvious. Any one familiar with the political philosophies of the various parties, however, will realize that the swing to the Left strengthens the Central Government. The Right wants the powers of the federal states strengthened, or at least left unimpaired, while the Left wants them reduced. If the Left has its way, one great difficulty in the way of maintaining the balance of the German Budget will have been overcome. One of the greatest handicaps in the path of economy has been the fact that the Central Government has been supplying these states with funds over the expenditure of which it had no control. S. Parker Gilbert, Agent-General for Reparations, has criticised this practice sharply in his reports.

But the most important benefits that should result from the elections are less tangible than those already mentioned.

The Outlook

They relate to the fundamental problems of reparations and interallied debts, problems that remain hopelessly intermeshed despite the efforts to separate them made by American Presidents and Secretaries of State. The only answer to these problems is a fixing of the respective burdens at proportions which, in the minds of the bearers, are equable. In comparison with these problems even such an important detail as the control of expenditures by the German federal states is relatively unimportant.

With the possible exception of the Baldwin-Mellon agreement under which Great Britain is paying its debt to the United States, none of the present arrangements can be considered permanent, however often Washington insists that they are. France is paying England the sums called for in the Churchill-Caillaux agreement, and the United States the sums demanded by the Mellon-Bérenger agreement. The agreements, however, remain unofficial, since neither has been ratified by the Chambre des Députés. The Dawes Plan is obviously a makeshift, although a very good one, since no limit has been set to the duration of the payments.

Just what the solution will be no one can know yet. The French and German elections only give the reassurance that some final solution is nearer than it was two months ago. It is nearer because, generally speaking, the assemblies chosen by the people will be more willing than their predecessors to throw the problems out of politics and put them in the hands of economists, where they belong.

The first step in the solution may be the ratification by France of both the Mellon-Bérenger and the Churchill-Caillaux agreements, but it would be a mistake to assume that this will be the final step. Economists in all the countries concerned are more and more inclined to favor an arrangement something like this:

Germany would sell a large block of bonds all over the world and with the proceeds make a cash settlement with the Allies at a figure far below any that has been hitherto mentioned seriously in official discussions. The Allies then would deliver at least most of these proceeds to the United States, also securing a large reduction in the capital debts as a *quid pro quo* for cash payment.

Neither France, England, nor the United States are ready yet for such a drastic solution, but, whatever its defects, it has this great virtue: it will be so difficult to revise that attempts to do so should be rare.

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Our Own Theatre List

(See page 225)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

"The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.—Fantasy; mediæval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; one of the best things in town.

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucile Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.

"The Silent House," Morosco.—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.

"Strange Interlude," John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynne Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.

"Our Betters," Henry Miller's Theatre.—Ina Claire in a drawing-room comedy by Somerset Maugham; entertaining, deft, and excellently acted.

Best Musical Shows

"Funny Face," Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.

"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.

"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

"Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

The King and the Magician

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Arnold Hall

MOST mothers are evidently too busy with "must-be-dones" for story-telling, for it is Father or Grandmother who figure most often in these childhood reminiscences. Frances's Grandmother was the real story-book kind—little and dear and humorous, with a head full of jokes and a trunk full of surprises for the busy household in which her room made an oasis of peace. She was always ready to tuck a small girl into bed with a story, and afterwards Frances lay awake, looking at the stars and wondering to herself. Nowadays Granddaughter in turn charms Grandmother by bringing her the curious surprises of the modern world.

The King and the Magician

As remembered by Frances Ober,
an Outlook reader

THERE was once a great black castle on a high mountain, where an old king lived alone. Once the halls had been gay with lords and ladies; every night lighted windows told of dancing and feasting and revelry, but that was before the death of the beautiful young queen. When she died, the king dismissed his court, locked the great iron door, and shut himself up with his grief. His cellars, people said, overflowed with gold and silver and jewels, but for that the king cared nothing, spending his days and nights mourning for his lost bride.

One day a clever young magician chanced to pass, and heard the tale of the old king and his wealth. So climbing the high hill to the castle, he knocked boldly on the great iron door. There was no answer. Again he knocked, and again, until the echoes rang. At last the door swung open a crack and the old white-haired king stood glaring at him from fierce, unhappy eyes.

"What do you want?" he rumbled in a voice like a rusty hinge.

"I am a magician," smiled the young man, "and I have come to show you your wife again."



The king's eyes lighted. He opened the door a crack wider.

"Ah," he rumbled, "show me my wife once more, and I will repay you with gold, but"—and he frowned blackly—"should you fail, I will cast you from the highest tower of this castle, till you roll down the mountainside into the river. Come!"

The magician entered the bleak old halls. In a vast room hung with gold and velvet, thick now with the dust of years, the king took his place on his golden throne, and waited.

From his knapsack the magician brought forth an iron pot, and under it he kindled a fire. Then from bottles of strange shapes he poured colored liquids, one by one, stirring them with a great silver spoon and muttering words of magic. Suddenly the pot began to boil. A puff of smoke arose, and gradually from the mist a woman took shape, until at last there stood the dead queen, smiling sadly at her husband.

Weeping, the old king fell on his knees.

"Wife, dear wife," he cried, "come back to me!" but the vision neither moved nor spoke, only smiled sadly, until slowly she and the cloud began to fade.

Beside himself with grief, the old king seized a coffer of jewels and threw it at her feet, imploring her to stay, but in another moment smoke, queen, and jewels had vanished, leaving only the empty room, with the smiling magician and his iron pot.

"Come again on the morrow," cried the king, giving him five bags of gold, "and you shall have the same reward."

So every night, for six months, the

magician came, and every night the king watched his dear wife appear, and every night, in his grief, as she began to fade, he threw more jewels at her feet, which vanished mysteriously with the cloud of smoke. And every night the magician pocketed his five bags of gold, and promised to return on the morrow.

But one day the king had no treasure left but his crown and scepter.

"My coffers are emptied of gold. I have given you everything," he told the magician. "But will you not at least leave me your secret to comfort me?"

"That," smiled the young man, "is impossible, but promise me your crown and scepter, and I will show you your wife once more." With crown and scepter in his hands, he plotted to banish the king and rule in his stead.

But the heart-broken husband consented, and next night, sick with grief and love, he mounted his golden throne and waited. As usual, the magician poured in the colored liquids, as usual the pot boiled, and from the cloud of smoke appeared the form of the beautiful queen. But instead of smiling sadly at her husband, the vision fixed her eyes upon the young man with such fiery anger that he began to tremble.

Suddenly the pot boiled over, and out poured gold and jewels, piling about the floor in a great glittering mass. To the king's surprise, he recognized the very treasures he had thrown at his queen's feet and the same gold pieces the magician had carried away with him each night. Under the fierce glare of the queen's eyes, the young man lay moaning on the floor in terror.

Then the king understood. Not satisfied with his gold, the magician had taken advantage of his weeping and his excitement to gather up the jewels he threw at his wife's feet and hide them in the iron pot. Seizing the trembling wretch, the king dragged him to the highest tower of the castle and hurled him, yelling, down the mountainside, where he dropped with a splash into the river and was never heard of more,



though people say that a frightened fish swam away at the same moment.

When the king returned to his throne room, his eyes were dazzled by a beautiful glass statue of his wife, standing on an altar of gold inlaid with sparkling jewels. And ever after, at midnight in the old black castle, the statue comes to life, and the old king takes comfort with his sweet bride until morning.

Boston's Bogy-Man

(Continued from page 216)

tions, the Boston booksellers are scared to death. They are afraid of the Watch and Ward Society, afraid of antagonizing the more powerful booksellers, afraid of Catholic sentiment, afraid of offending their customers, afraid some one will say, "Boo!" Besides the dread of going to jail, there is also a true Bostonian terror of that mysteriously awful thing called a criminal record. This thing descends on the victim even in the event of a hundred-dollar fine. And in Boston today people don't have criminal records, in no matter how good a cause. Poor Boston! How it has changed!

One dealer, after a long dissertation on the impracticability of the Sedgwick bill, finally admitted to me that he would be in favor of it if he thought it had anything approaching a chance of passage. But he added that to support it would be to lose the friendship of the Watch and Ward Society, and then if the bill didn't pass where would he be?

The same man confessed a lively horror of being arrested, even though he should be acquitted or upheld in a higher court. All Boston, he complained, would know of his arrest; his exoneration, if any, would receive brief notices on inside pages. He had a nightmare vision of all his customers departing in a body, saying: "We will not buy any more books of that horrid dealer who was arrested for selling obscene literature; we will buy our books of a good, pure bookseller." Possibly that could happen in the neighborhood of Back Bay, but I doubt if even Boston is as different from other cities as that.

Mingled with these fears and tremors on the part of the book-handling gentry is a little moral sentiment and a good deal of simple, old-fashioned hypocrisy. Several dealers assured me with varying degrees of conviction that they thought little was lost by suppressing "that sort of book," as it did nobody any good to read it, anyway. Considering the range of "that sort of book" on the banks of the Charles, it is a little difficult to know what was meant.

One man assured me with pious horror that he had no desire to handle the kind of books that were banned, and he

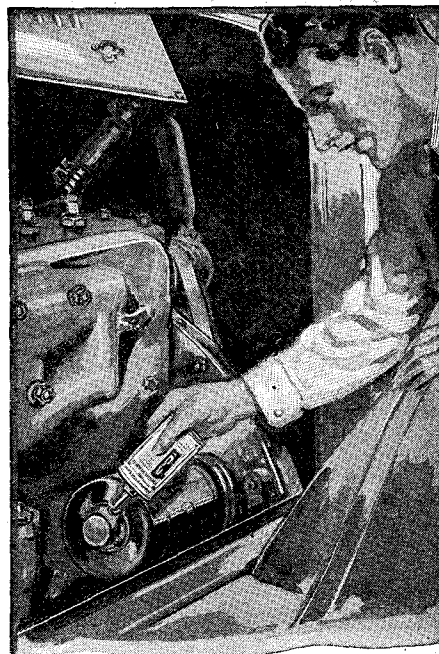
June 6 1928

delivered a long lecture on the alleged indecencies of "Bad Girl." At his shoulder as he talked was a whole shelf of Rabelais, in a new edition filled with ingeniously pornographic illustrations by Frank Pape.

The Movies

(See page 227)

"Abie's Irish Rose."—Just like the play. It's a system.
 "Beau Sabreur."—Plenty of sand, but no ginger.
 "The Big City."—Lon Chaney using his regular face.
 "The Big Noise."—Chester Conklin and some pretty biting satire.
 "Burning Daylight."—Won't set fire to anything.
 "The Chaser."—Harry Langdon scores a miss.
 "Chicago."—Just like the play—this is praise.
 "The Circus."—If you don't like Chaplin, you're the funny one.
 "The Count of Ten."—James Gleason and Charles Ray are good.
 "The Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.
 "Doomsday."—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!
 "Dressed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.
 "Drums of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.
 "Four Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.
 "The Gauchito."—No one is perfect—not even Douglas Fairbanks.
 "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."—Pretty girls and pretty vague.
 "A Girl in Every Port."—Victor MacLaglen is in it.
 "Glorious Betsy."—The second talking movie. Still not good enough.
 "Hangman's House."—Swell photography, good direction, and good acting.
 "The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.
 "Kentucky Courage."—A successor to "Tol'able David," with Richard Barthelmess.
 "The Last Command."—The great Jannings. See it.
 "The Last Moment."—Good photography, but little else.
 "The Legion of the Condemned."—The so-called sequel to "Wings."
 "Love."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.
 "The Man Who Laughs."—An impressive, entertaining picture.
 "Mother Macree."—A nice, mushy Irish-American drama.
 "A Night of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.
 "The Noose."—A fairly absorbing film, with Richard Barthelmess, Alice Joyce, and Montagu Love.
 "Partners in Crime."—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a darned good comedy.
 "The Patsy."—King Vidor directs Marion Davies, to the credit of neither.
 "The Raider 'Emden.'"—The Germans can make bad pictures, too. This is one of them.
 "Red Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.
 "Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson trying hard.
 "The Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good picture.
 "Simba."—The Martin Johnson masterpiece.
 "Skyscraper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.
 "The Smart Set."—William Haines at his worst.
 "Speedy."—You can't go wrong on Harold Lloyd.
 "Stand and Deliver."—Rod La Roque in one of those things.
 "Street Angel."—A beautiful, tiresome picture.
 "Sunrise."—Dr. Murnau's supreme achievement.
 "Tenderloin."—The first (and worst) talking movie.
 "Three Sinners."—Pola Negri in a bad picture.
 "The Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes now on view.
 "Two Lovers."—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.
 "We Americans."—Mediocre melting-pot stuff.
 "Wings."—The great epic of the war-birds.



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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Spring Reading

UNDER the playful influence of spring we have invented a new way of selecting books. We shut our eyes, pick from the rows of new ones—

"Five Murders," by Edmund L. Pearson (Doubleday, Doran & Co.), who needs no introduction to Outlook readers or, indeed, to any one interested in books or in crime. As in other books of Mr. Pearson's, Lizzie Borden shines as the most intriguing of modern murderesses. We suspect Mr. Pearson of cherishing for her the same feeling which Elinor Wylie has for Shelley. If you like detective stories, you will like this book. For one thing, it is true. It is well, sometimes, to check up with the facts the ideas you get from fiction. The detectives of fiction are not the detectives of reality. We refuse to believe that Philo Vance, for instance, would be allowed by a long-suffering society to walk this earth for any length of time, in spite of the fact that he is the hero of some well-constructed yarns.

"The Innocents of Paris," by C. E. Andrews. D. Appleton & Co. If you have been to Paris and have loved it, you will find the same sort of homesick pleasure in reading this as you would in suddenly hearing, through the clamor of New York rivets, a hoarse voice singing, "*Ah, qu'il est beau mon village, mon Paris, mon paradis.*" The Paris of the Innocents is not the city of the *grands boulevards*, or of the Sixteenth Arrondissement, or of the tourist's Montmartre. It is a Paris, indeed, which only the fortunate or very persistent foreigner can see. The Innocents are the dirty, happy-go-lucky people of the markets, the *quais*, the exterior boulevards. Mr. Andrews knows their ways and their language, and his illustrator knows their looks. He is a creator as well as a keen observer, so his book possesses both the color of fiction and the ring of truth.

"The Rise of the House of Rothschild," by Count Egon Caesar Corti, translated by Brian and Beatrix Lunn. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. This ably written and vivid story of the family which pulled the golden strings for kings and people to dance through-out one of the most stirring periods of

modern history is fascinating and should please many readers.

"Dragons and Dragon Lore," by Ernest Ingersoll. Payson & Clarke. This is the sort of book we like. It is all about the ancestry, personal characteristics, and romantic careers of dragons

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantom's Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoot, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. This beautifully written and moving study in the working of God's providence, and of love, the bridge which joins the living and the dead, deserves its popularity. Reviewed January 4.

"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. Plenty of bloodshed, and more than enough persiflage by Philo Vance. Van Dine enthusiasts like it.

"The Closed Garden," by Julian Green, translated by Henry Longan Stuart. Harper & Brothers. This insistently harrowing story of an hysterical French girl is interesting particularly because it brings to the general reader's attention a new talent in French letters. Reviewed last week.

"Behind That Curtain," by Earl Derr Biggers. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Further exploits of detective Charlie Chan. Reviewed May 16.

"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. A social comedy in Walpole's best vein. Reviewed March 7.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. This strangely romantic figure is touched vividly into life by Maurois's hand. You will find this excellent reading. Reviewed February 22.

"Skyward," by Commander Richard E. Byrd. G. P. Putnam's Sons. This stirring story of achievement deserves a place beside "We" on the American book-shelf. Reviewed May 2.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see; perhaps better. Reviewed in "Lights Down," February 22.

"Safari," by Martin Johnson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The interesting and often exciting diary of four years spent in a wild-animal paradise; with wonderful pictures.

"Stonewall Jackson," by Allen Tate. Minton, Balch & Co. An excellent account of Jackson's campaigns and a poet's appreciation of the "good soldier." Reviewed May 16.

from the models who posed for the first Chinese screens to the laidly wurrms of Scotland. You will learn nothing practical from it, but much that may be drawn upon for slightly esoteric dinner-table conversations.

"Black Democracy," by H. P. Davis. Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. In

Haiti there is a square modeled after that French civic institution *la grande place*, and decorated with the statues of Haiti's heroes. The heroes were black mutinied slaves. The statues are those of elegant Spaniards, great men of eighteenth-century Peru, which were salvaged by the provident Haitians from a ship bound from Barcelona to South America which was wrecked some years ago off Port au Prince, and set up and labeled Dessalines, Toussaint L'Ouverture, and so forth. That atmosphere, as of a musical comedy gone wrong, hangs for most of us over the history of Haiti. And it is just and timely that an authentic and comprehensive story of the past and present of that strange, sad island should be now available to those readers to whom Pan-Americanism is more than a phrase.

"The Marsh Arab," by Fulanain. The J. B. Lippincott Company. Lawrence's Arabian adventures and Gertrude Bell's letters are interestingly supplemented by this picturesque and curious story of the adventurous life of an Arab seer in Iraq. The scene is wild and desolate, and peopled with strange figures.

"Embattled Borders," by E. Alexander Powell. The Century Company. For a popular discussion of the complex problems of eastern Europe you might look far and find no better book than this. The writer is an experienced journalist and traveler, and he spreads the good bread of his observation and intelligent comment liberally with the jam of anecdote, picturesque incident, and amusing episode to make an entertaining and informative sandwich of questions much discussed and generally little understood.

THE Voyage of the Norman D., by Barbara Newhall Follett. A. A. Knopf. It is wise that the age of the author of this book (thirteen years) should be explained on the jacket. Otherwise, so simple a response to beauty as the writing displays would announce a talent which could find no comfortable place in a literary world rotten with cheap sophistication, where nothing is so desirable as an epigrammatic *cliché* and nothing so troublesome

as untutored sentiment. Barbara Follett took a trip to Nova Scotia on a lumber schooner. What the crew thought of it we can't imagine. But what she thought of it is a delight to read. It was beautiful and strange. Her imagination leapt to meet the old ways of skies, ships, and sailors, and the deep excitement of the sea. The occasional self-consciousness of the writing only serves to endear the young author by making her so evidently a real child of thirteen.

Of Many Minds

By MARY SHIRLEY

IN this group of spring publications there is obvious a wider latitude in choice of theme, a livelier interest in the nuances of human character, and the subtler motives of a sincerer effort to analyze conduct than the legendary jaded reviewer is privileged to find frequently. The good old stuff of literature—love, jealousy, and allied emotions—while not eliminated, is noticeably less in the foreground of the authors' fivefold consciousness. All of us have surely known an appreciable number of persons not constantly and exclusively agitated by the heroic or elemental passions, but characters in fiction have a way of being rather monotonously absorbed in matters biological.

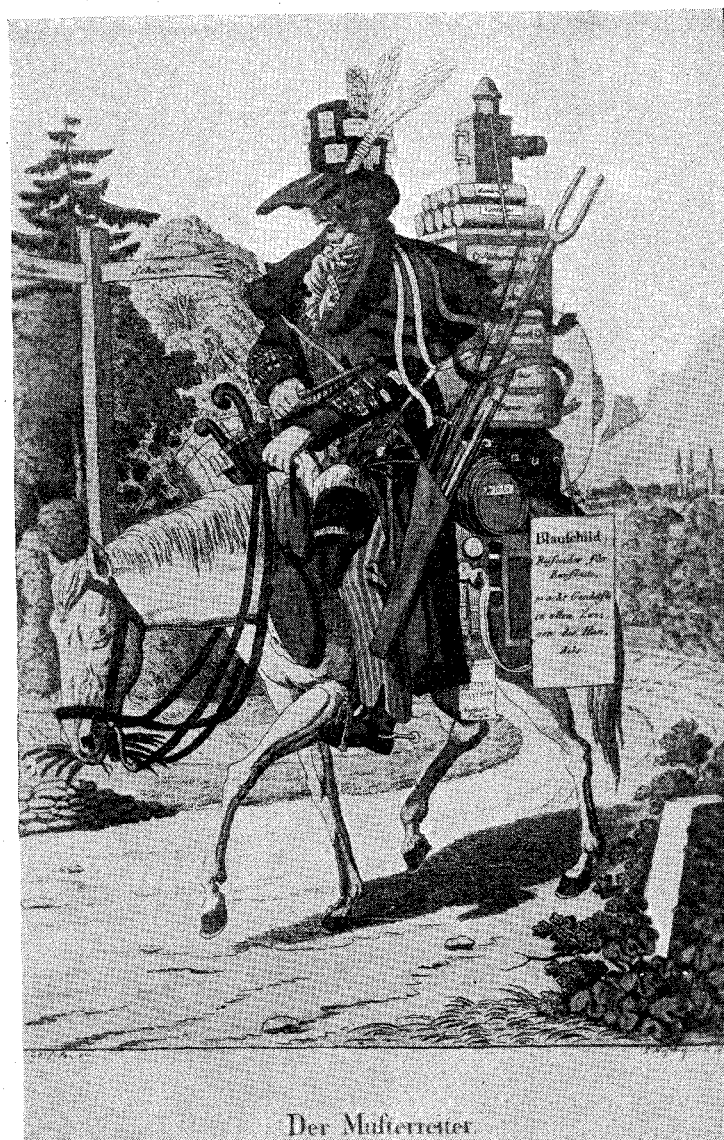
In J. D. Beresford's latest novel, "All or Nothing" (the Bobbs-Merrill Company), a young English millionaire is intent upon the salvation of his soul and that of his persistently unfaithful wife. Without special sense of orthodox or "revealed" religion, his experience is ultimately that of the rich man who asked, "Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?" and who received the answer, "Go, sell what thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." Repeatedly it is emphasized that creed plays little part in James Bledloe's dedication to Poverty. His wife accuses him of a Christlike pose, but the author makes us feel that Bledloe was simply moved to secure his own peace of mind in the way that

seemed necessary to him. Although Bledloe has no Messianic delusions, his relations with his wife forcibly suggest an analogy between Katherine and the Magdalen. Any dignified exposition of an attempt to live literally according to divine precept is sure to arouse discussion, and this book will doubtless not be an exception, for the idea, while not new to literature, is approached with sanity and reserve as well as the literary distinction familiar to Mr. Beresford's readers.

In sharpest contrast to the selflessness of James Bledloe is Sarah Gertrude Millin's brilliant study of the selfishness inherent in the artistic temperament, "An Artist in the Family" (Boni & Liveright). Presumably most of us agree that a great many mediocre personalities have to be sacrificed in the making of a genius. We are even content to have it so. Wagner was wont to say to his benefactors, who sometimes wearied in

well-doing for him, that posterity would remember them only as the friends of Richard Wagner, and no one regrets that the sweat of some good German citizens was miraculously transubstantiated into the blood drops of the dying Tristan. But that is another story. What of the Theo Bissakers? The pseudo-great whose obscure families toil for ingrates who clutter the world with rubbish of clay and canvas? It is the superlative cleverness of Mrs. Millin that leaves us in a most uncomfortable doubt whether Theo was all impudence and bombast or whether he was destined for posthumous fame by work which seemed strange and unlovely to the simple folk about him. Whereas Somerset Maugham in "The Moon and Sixpence" showed a painter abandoning home and family for his Art, Mrs. Millin subjects the Bissakers to a rather more excruciating infliction. Her artist comes home, bag and baggage, with his wife and "her" child. The possessive pronoun was carefully chosen. "Your wife and your child!" exclaimed his father. "No,"

Theo corrected, "my wife and her child. The child is not mine." "You've married a widow," exclaimed the mother. "She was not a widow. She never had a husband. The child is illegitimate." Theo's catastrophic home-coming is only a preliminary to the difficulties in which he involves the Bissakers, until the final melodramatic, asinine, and bungling sacrifice which ends his career as a painter. Closing the book, we know Theo triumphant! With his mutilated hand he will always have an alibi. What pictures he could have painted! His masterpieces have joined the ghostly company of "largest fish" who "got away." And yet—Mrs. Millin would not be the authentic artist that she is if there were not room for an "and yet"—she makes us see that the egocentric artist has one thing in common with a saint like Jim Bledloe. Both are concerned with the life of the spirit and both make the people about them distinctly uncomfortable.



Published by the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation

From "The Rise of the House of Rothschild," by Count Egon Caesar Corti, translated by Brian and Beatrix Lum.

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OTHER CRUISES, 1928-29

(All from New York)

Round the World, 136 days, Dec. 1, 1928, Empress of Australia. . . Mediterranean, 72 days, Feb. 4, 1929, Empress of Scotland. . . West Indies, 16 days, Dec. 22, 1928; 29 days, Jan. 10 and Feb. 11, 1929, Duchess of Bedford (new).



Another artist in a gruesome way is Johnny Cregan—"Hanging Johnny," by Myrtle Johnston (D. Appleton & Co.). Such a character and such a tale would scarcely have been conceived out of Ireland. The lines of Johnny's life follow the old sea chantey which gives him his nickname—"They say I hangs for money." The imaginative, sensitive Johnny becomes the town executioner, like his father before him. He slides the bolt that swings his best friend into eternity. "Oh, first I hanged my mother, my sister, and my brother, away boys, away!" Shunned and loathed by his neighbors, he resigns his post and goes away, but later resumes his ghastly profession to provide for wife and child. With his strange, hysterical temperament, his work has a fantastic fascination for him. He weds his wife with a brass ring from the apparatus of his trade and teaches his child to play with a toy gibbet. "And then I hanged my Annie." The horror of the *dénouement* is almost unparalleled. Miss Johnston tells her macabre story with a directness reminiscent of the folk-tale, a style beautifully suited to this chronicle of the hangman, which is so like some ancient legend of one damned. She opposes a delicate, poetic nature to sinister circumstance. Johnny makes a futile gesture of protest and succumbs. We shall be haunted a long time by that final glimpse through the priest's doorway—"Johnny solemnly hanging a rag doll from a nail in the wall, with a piece of old charred rope." The character of Johnny is the creation of a genius that is utterly Celtic.

To consider two widely varying studies of the young girl, we could not find better foils than "A Girl Adoring," by Viola Meynell (E. P. Dutton & Co.), and Sydney, perverse and pitiful, in "The Hotel," by Elizabeth Bowen (Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press). The gentle, shy Claire of the former book seems to signify a return to the pre-war heroine. Claire is content to live and have her being in the limited family circle, a good angel to her egoist brother and his wife, to her unhappy sister Gilda, and to the beautiful survivor of her dead brother's *mésalliance*, Louise. There is an old-fashioned hero, who thinks he is not good enough for Claire. This is such a simple little tale that one wonders if it is really a product of spring, 1928, but there are some subtleties of characterization and rather shy flashes of sophisticated wit to vary the prevailing mood of quiet tenderness and devotion.

The theme of "The Hotel" is the too emotional friendship of Sydney Warren for Mrs. Kerr, an exquisite, selfish *mon-*

daine, old enough to be the girl's mother, who exploits the girl's attachment until it bores her. Sydney is not an annoying neurotic, but an oddly touching, sullen young thing whose organization is a bit jangled by over-study. John Milton, the clergyman who loves Sydney, fights a strange psychological duel with Mrs. Kerr, literally for the possession of Sydney. "The Hotel" is striking for its humor, irony, and fine characterizations. It was a recent choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

A Spiritual Journey

By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

"Religion and Social Justice," by Sherwood Eddy. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

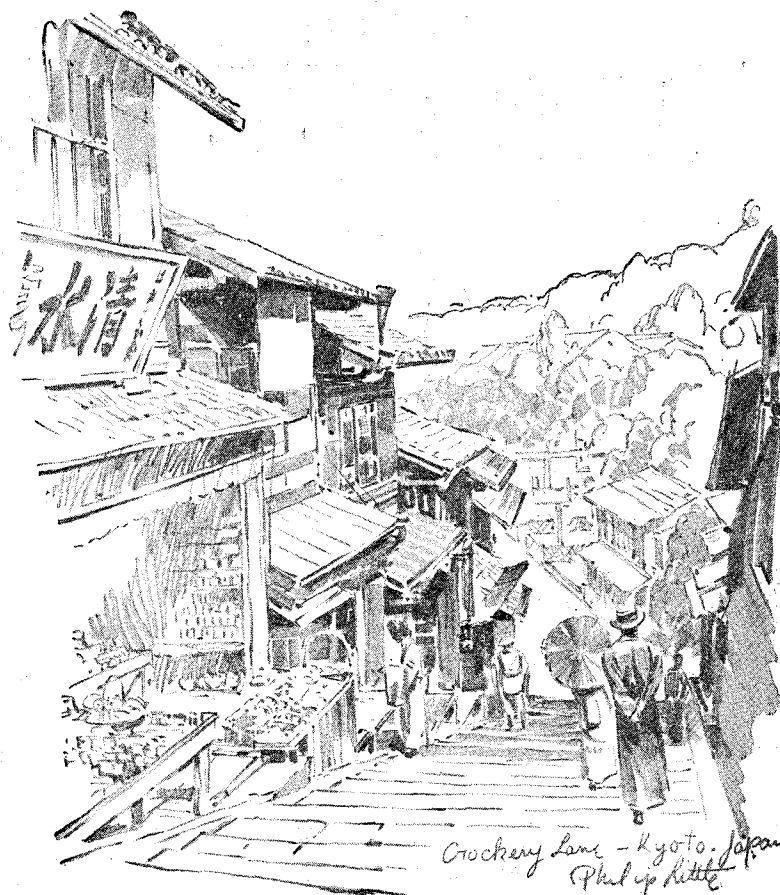
Sherwood Eddy is an amazing figure in American religious life. For fifteen years a missionary in India and for several college generations most successful in presenting the cause of world-wide evangelization to young men and women, he justly achieved the reputation of being one of the foremost exponents of "the old-time religion." The war came. He ardently supported it, but it raised doubts in his mind as to the complete efficacy of the Gospel he had been preaching. The message of personal salvation which left untouched the vast field of international relations and the injustices of our economic and social order seemed no longer sufficient. Something was wrong with a Christianity which could not prevent such fiendish slaughter. Sherwood Eddy, the preacher of personal salvation, became the prophet of the social gospel. It is a remarkable change. Whatever opinion one may have of Mr. Eddy's present views, no one with knowledge of the facts can fail to admire the fearless honesty and the spiritual energy which have enabled him to change the mind set of a lifetime. And not only has he changed his philosophy, he has done that which is much harder, but which is the real test of sincerity—he has changed his manner of life to make it square with his new-found passion for social justice. It is an amazing achievement.

His recent book, "Religion and Social Justice," is an outline of his spiritual journey and an exposition of his present views. It is an able presentation of the religious standpoint of an increasing number of men and women in the Christian Church. Mr. Eddy lays down five basic principles which he believes are implicit in Jesus' teaching of all-inclusive love. He then takes up our baffling social questions in the light of them. The disciples of Jesus, Mr. Eddy believes, are logically committed to the following: First, "to live simply and sacrificially avoiding waste and luxury." They must aim at making men rather than making

money. Second, "to practice brotherhood toward all," "to seek justice for every man without distinction of caste or color." Third, "to make peace where there is strife," to seek to do away with war, as "the world's chief collective sin." Fourth, "to redeem the social order; to test its evils by the principle of love and fearlessly to challenge them." Fifth, "to seek a new discovery of God which will release new springs of power such as men in the past have experienced when they rediscovered the religion of Jesus."

After marshaling an imposing array of facts in regard to wealth concentration and luxury in the United States, the author in the light of the principles just quoted challenges Christians in these words: "According to the teachings of Jesus you must choose today . . . in the life-work you select, in the wages you pay, in the investments you make, whether you are going to live the creative and functional life of sharing or the acquisitive life of money getting and spending on yourself." Then applying his principles to the race question, he emphasizes the worth of every man and the obligation which rests upon Christians to treat all men, no matter what their race, as they themselves would wish to be treated. In the field of international relations Mr. Eddy states the conclusion to which he has been led, that war is "unchristian and morally wrong as the utter negation of Jesus' way of life." However, he makes it perfectly clear that each man must decide this question for himself. Next he deals with alcohol and prohibition, and pleads for more time for this great social experiment. Fearlessly also he takes up the age-old question of sex and the movement for birth control. Here, too, he calls us back to the principle of reverence for personality, the treating of every human being as an end in himself. And, finally, in Chapter Five he deals with the problem of religion. This is the best chapter of all. In it he describes the deepening of his own religious experience; how from a "simple personal experience" religion came to be "a universal experience," and then "a satisfying experience," and then "a rational experience," and, finally, as a grand consummation, "a social experience" which rounded out and completed them all.

Such in barest outline is the book. It is richly packed with facts. A reader is thought proof if it does not make him think. It is thoroughly readable. But, best of all, for most of us it is an account of a spiritual journey. It explains why Sherwood Eddy came to be among the prophets. For he is surely among them, and he is one to whom it will be well for America to give some heed.



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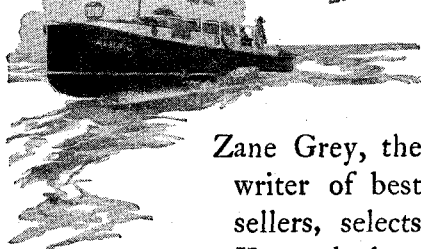
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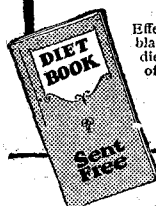
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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Anita Loos's
But—Gentlemen
Marry Brunettes
Boni & Liveright

This is the story of Dorothy, told by her friend, Lorelei Lee—both of whom you will remember in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Lorelei, having married Henry, decided that all married girls should have a career. "Especially if a girl is married to a husband like Henry. Because Henry is quite a homebody, and if a girl was a homebody too, she would encounter him quite often." So she became literary and wrote the life of Dorothy, "to give girls a warning what they should stop doing." Dorothy has no "tack;" she never seems to like gentlemen unless they haven't any money, she gives them presents, and she doesn't know enough about etiquette "to know that any time a girl feels like she has nothing to say, the best thing to do is to ask for a glass of water." Consequently she has a hard time crashing through. But she does, and the account of her adventures is gorgeous. Miss Loos has rung the bell twice in succession.

Robert L. Grant's
Shorn
Dutton

This story is only basted together, and the comic relief is a little too Lancelot Gobbo, and not enough relief, but the efforts of the hero to run a street railway in a Mexican city with the aid of the local bad man were very amusing. There's treasure and a lady bull-fighter and a wicked oil baron and a full chorus of peons, vaqueros, and sombreros. We believe Mr. Grant could write a good story, but this isn't it.

Robert Irving Warshaw's
Jay Gould
Greenberg

What an inferiority complex the ghosts of Captain Kidd and Jesse James and all the other famous pirates of history must have developed when Jay Gould commenced operations! How they must have moaned with envy at the ruthlessness with which he made both friends and enemies walk the plank! "His touch is death," said one of his former associates, and in certain cases it certainly was. He was probably the worst-hated man in the country in his day—yet nobody could do anything about it. He was always too clever for his enemies. His fight with Commodore Vanderbilt for the control of the Erie, his attempt to corner gold, his association with Tweed and with that colorful old ruffian, "Admiral" Jim Fisk, whose offices and private banquet room in the Grand Opera Building connected directly with the stage—all this makes a picturesque

story. And you are quite unreasonably amazed to learn of the simpleness of his tastes, the quiet happiness of his private life. There's something wrong, you feel. It isn't what you have been led to expect from the Alger books.

Schlapp and Smith's
The New Criminology
Boni & Liveright

Statistics show that about one per cent of our population is directly dependent in one way or another on society; that more than one-quarter of the total revenue of our States is devoted to their support. And these figures are increasing. What are we going to do about it? Strike at the cause, or—as in the past—try to suppress the symptoms as they arise?

To every man his own panacea. The writers of this book, one of whom was a neuropathologist of distinction, find it in control of the secretions of the ductless glands. For them, these glands alone are the governors of character. Heredity plays no part in making a criminal; environment is only a contributing cause. The criminal is no more responsible for his crimes than he is for his headaches.

To us this seems about ninety per cent true. Undoubtedly our present methods of dealing with crime are antiquated and unsatisfactory. Dr. Schlapp proved in many cases that proper diagnosis and treatment will cure the criminal—something that neither the prison nor the electric chair has ever done. This is an important, interesting, and readable book. It will furnish you with quite a flock of new ideas.

Nevertheless we do not quite like the offhand way in which the authors dispose of all human responsibility and freedom of choice. We do not like to think that our writing this review, for instance, is nothing but a complicated chemical reaction. We believe that there is something to be said on the other side of the question.

Dorothy Parker's
Sunset Gun
Boni & Liveright

It seems to us that this gun was fired on too slight provocation. It made a very mild bang in our ears, and it doesn't seem to reverberate within us for any length of time. Mrs. Parker shouldn't have fired it until she saw the whites of our eyes, and unfortunately we hadn't yet lifted our eyes from our worn and tattered copy of "Enough Rope," which we have read ragged. This isn't to say that "The Sunset Gun" isn't good light verse, of the kind that nobody but Dorothy Parker can write. There are a lot of giggles in it. But only a couple really bang-up good things that you feel irresistibly impelled to read aloud to any one who will listen.